

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—The political situation was in the doldrums, pending the notification speeches of each party. This phase of the campaign was characterized by flam-

boyant claims made by local leaders of success in their respective districts and equally pessimistic reports from more practical politicians looking to expenditures of money in their region. It was also agreed on all hands that there was in progress against Governor Smith the most serious whispering campaign in our history. This campaign centered on the questions of morality and of religion. Governor Smith took cognizance of the first when he challenged Dr. John Roach Straton, a well-known publicity seeker, to make good in his own church, in Governor Smith's presence, the charges he had made from the pulpit the preceding Sunday. The Governor seemed determined to drag out into the open the sinister whispers which had attacked his personal feeling. John J. Raskob, Democratic chairman, broached the religious issue when he characterized Bishop Cannon's anti-Smith activities as a camouflage for bigotry. Meanwhile, Secretary Hoover was preparing his notification address, which was to be attended by a large crowd and the greatest radio hook-up ever had. Senator Dale of Vermont and Dwight Davis, Secretary of War, departed from the usual statements

when they said if Hoover is elected it will be by the closest of margins. Republican wisdom seemed to discount any hopes of Hoover's gaining the South and urged an intensive campaign in the States which give a usual Republican majority. Governor Smith received the adhesion of two important farm leaders, G. N. Peek of Illinois, and F. W. Murphy of Minnesota, who was a delegate at the Kansas City Convention. Governor Smith went on record as being in favor of the control of the farm surplus, but as against the equalization fee as a proper means of financing this control. The American Federation of Labor, meeting at Atlantic City, after a strenuous effort made to commit it to Governor Smith, resolved to remain neutral, at least until after the notification speeches.

The budget estimates for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1929 were submitted to the President by Director Lord. The safety limit set by the President was \$3,700,000,000. General Lord's estimates, made after conferences with all Government agencies, brought the figure to within \$200,000 of this. Director Lord estimated \$550,000,000 for debt reduction, and \$695,000,000 for national defense, an increase over the present year. These estimates did not include the Post Office Department, where a deficit of \$100,000,000 was expected.

Albania.—Press dispatches indicated that events were moving rapidly to change the form of national government. With the dissolution of Parliament and the summoning of a Constituent Assembly for August 25, it was understood that the Constitutional provision prohibiting a change in government would be revised and a monarchy proclaimed. In this event President Ahmed Zogu, who has been at the head of the Government practically since the World War, would become King. In 1925, Parliament elected him to a seven-year term as President and entrusted him with very wide powers, including the selection of all of his Ministers and a proportion of the upper chamber.

Austria.—Early in July the Capuchin Fathers in Vienna celebrated the fourth centenary of their Order. They first came to Vienna in 1599 in order to block the inroads of Protestantism, but they signalized themselves also for their services during the wars against the Turks. The celebration recalled the heroism of Fr. Marco

d'Aviano during the siege of Vienna in 1683, as well as his loyalty to the armies of Prince Eugenius at the siege of Belgrade and in the battle of Zenda. The record of Fr. Marcus Haspinger, who supported Andreas Hofer in his struggle for the freedom of the Tyrol; the martyrdom of Fr. Apollinaris Morrel, who was killed with 191 other faithful priests by the French revolutionists, and many other bright pages of Capuchin history in Austria were gratefully dwelt upon. Nor was the splendid record of the Capuchins during the World War forgotten. In all there were 2,605 Capuchins at the front; of which number only 448 had appointments as Chaplains. Of their number 708 received decorations, 144 were wounded and 162 were killed. In Vienna the Fathers have been guardians of the tombs of the Hapsburgs in the famous crypt founded by the Empress Anna, wife of the Emperor Matthias and later adorned and enlarged by many friends and finally enriched by Maria Theresa with the central chapel wherein is found the famous lead sarcophagus which was destined to be her last resting place.

Belgium.—M. Brunet, Socialist, President of the Chamber, announced his withdrawal both from the Speakership and his seat as Deputy. He had failed to induce his party to stop obstructing the Army bill. The Liberal group asked him to reconsider.—Recognition of the Kellogg anti-war treaties, extension of world disarmament and evacuation of the Rhineland were demanded in the congress of the Second International at Brussels attended by 600 Socialist delegates from a dozen European nations.

Brazil.—Captain Arturo Ferrarin and Carlo del Prete, who made the record-breaking flight across the Atlantic, met with a series of mishaps since their arrival. Their plane, the Savoia, was damaged beyond use. A great reception was given the fliers in Rio de Janeiro by a crowd gathered to greet them at the Italian Embassy. —Sir Alexander MacKensie, President of the Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Company, one of the largest corporations in the country, resigned and another Canadian, Miller Lash, was immediately appointed as his successor.

China.—Great satisfaction was manifested by the publication of a letter from the Pope to the local Bishops urging them to emphasize in their preaching obedience towards legally constituted authority. It was interpreted as a tacit recognition of the Nationalist Government and following closely the recent action of the United States seemed to take on added significance. In part the Holy Father wrote:

The Holy Father, who has followed events in China with keen interest and who was the first to treat China not only on a footing of perfect equality but with true and special sympathy, consecrating with his own hands at Rome in St. Peter's the first Chinese Bishops, is overjoyed and thanks the Almighty for the end of civil war, and expresses the hope that a period of lasting and fruit-

ful peace, both internal and external, may be inaugurated and based on the principles of charity and justice.

In order that his ideal of peace may be reached, his Holiness hopes that the legitimate aspirations and rights of this most populous country in the world, which has an ancient culture, which has had a period of greatness and splendor and which cannot fail to have a great future if it remains on the road to justice and order, may be recognized.

The Holy Father wishes the Catholic missions to contribute toward the peace, well-being and progress of China, and in accordance with what he wrote in his letter of June 15, 1926, addressed to the Chinese clergy, he now repeats that the Catholic Church professes, teaches and preaches respect and obedience toward legally constituted authority, and that it demands from its missionaries faithful liberty and assurance of common rights.

The letter was communicated to the Bishops through Msgr. Constantini, the Apostolic Delegate.

Two thousand persons perished by floods in central Shantung.—Discussions were held in Shanghai between the British and Nanking authorities looking to a settlement of the Nanking incident of March

Varia 1927.—The tombs of the Manchu sovereigns have been pillaged and priceless pearls, jewels and jade ornaments from them have been recently sold in Peking. Among the tombs desecrated was that of the late Empress Dowager, Tzuhsi. —The failure of Yen Hsi-shan to attend the all-party conference in Nanking was interpreted as a gesture of resentment at the appointment of Canton's military governor to conduct negotiations with Manchuria and other affairs at Peking.—In connection with the anti-Japanese boycott at Shanghai, Chinese merchants who disregarded the boycott were ignominiously paraded through the streets and otherwise publicly insulted. The Japanese were said to have prohibited the Chinese in Tsingtao from flying the Nationalist flag.—The Belgian missionary, Father Lebbe, C. M., has developed a Catholic sacred drama as a means of religious propaganda which has proved very acceptable to the pagans and edifying to the Christians. The first play was based on the martyrdom of Blessed Wu Kuo Cheng, a native Christian.

Colombia.—The concession of a 5,000,000 acre tract granted some time ago to the Barco Oil Company, a corporation controlled by American capital, was revoked.

Oil Concession Revoked It is claimed that President Mendez in cancelling the grant saved over \$100,000,000 for native industry. British interests were said to have been interested in this action.

—Reports reaching Colombia of a revolution in Venezuela continued unconfirmed because of a strict news-censorship in that country. The recent conflagration in Caracas, the Venezuelan capital, was not believed to have any connection with the rumored revolt.

France.—An attempted demonstration of Communists near Ivry, a suburb of Paris, was blocked by the police on the afternoon of August 5. Several hundred participants were arrested, and many others dispersed, when they attempted to assemble after their meeting had been forbidden by the Department of Justice and the police.

Communists Arrested

Leaders of several radical groups, including the "Red Front" and the "Communist Youth" organizations, were among those arrested, as was the deputy mayor of the township, who had given permission to hold the demonstration on public property in his township after it had been forbidden by the Government.—Final payment was made on August 4, for the site of the new United States Embassy and Consulate on the Place de la Concorde, in Paris. The full purchase price was approximately \$1,250,000.

Great Britain.—Though the British Foreign Office insisted that there was no mystery connected with the Anglo-French naval limitations agreement, the newspapers and those not in the confidence of the Foreign Office, professed to be troubled by the extreme secrecy maintained. The text of the agreement was not issued and details were withheld from the press. But the terms of the Anglo-French agreement were forwarded to the foreign Governments, and, in the United States, were being studied by the Navy General Board. An unofficial statement asserted that the American officials found several points fundamental to limitation of armaments vague and unsatisfactory. It was said that the "agreement" approves the limitations, already accepted internationally, of the larger cruisers, but that it is in favor of no restrictions on numbers or armament of smaller craft.

Irish in Scotland Fears concerning the increase of the Irish population in Scotland continued to agitate Scottish churchmen. A special deputation representing the Church of Scotland, the Free Church of Scotland, and the United Free Church held a conference with the Home Secretary and the Secretary for Scotland, for the discussion of the problem. These church leaders declared that they feared that the Irish influx was changing the whole character of the population of Scotland. They advocated that the Government should introduce a quota system for the limitation of immigration from Ireland. The deputation presented much statistical matter. Between 1881 and 1901 the increase in the Irish population in Scotland was in excess of 32 per cent, while that of the native Scots was 18 per cent. Between 1901 and 1921, the Irish increased 39 per cent and the native Scots but 6 per cent. The deputation asserted that the Irish element was depriving the Scots of employment, that the crime record of the Irish was disproportionately high, that the demands for public relief and support of the Irish was a burden on the Scots people, etc. The Home Secretary assured the deputation that the Government would consider the plea of the churches.

Italy.—A collision with a destroyer during battle maneuvers in the Adriatic, on the morning of August 6, resulted in the sinking of the Italian submarine F-14, with the loss of its entire crew comprising twenty-seven officers and men. Five of this number were drowned; the others succumbed to poisonous gases generated by the

mixture of sea water with battery fluid several hours after the accident. Every effort was made to save the imprisoned men, and airline and cables were promptly attached to the sunken hull. In spite of high seas and the fact that the boat lay at a depth of 140 feet, it was raised to the surface within a day and a half after the collision. Many messages of sympathy were received by the Government including notes from Secretary of State Kellogg and from T. Douglas Robinson, Acting Secretary of the Navy.

A treaty of friendship and arbitration between Italy and Abyssinia, which had long been in preparation, was signed at Addis-Abeba on August 2. A special clause incorporated in the treaty provides for the construction of a road suitable for motor trucks from the port of Assab on the Red Sea, in Italian Eritrea, to the interior of Abyssinia, and establishes an Abyssinian franking zone at Assab.

Tanaka Warns Manchuria **Japan.**—For the second time, Japan warned Manchuria not to effect a corporate union with the Chinese Nationalist Government and told the latter that "suitable measures" would be initiated unless the Nationalists receded from their attitude towards the special rights of Japanese citizens in China. This warning was drawn up as a formal reply to the notice of abrogation given to Japanese officials in China by the Nanking Foreign Office on July 21. This reply followed the report of Prime Minister Tanaka to the Cabinet that Chang Hsueh-liang, Military Governor of Manchuria, and Chiang Kai-shek, Nationalist military commander-in-chief, had drafted an agreement to extend Chinese sway into Manchuria. The draft was understood to provide that political committees of the Kuomintang will be excluded from Manchuria while Chang will accept the political principles of Sun Yat Sen and hoist the Nationalist flag in Mukden. This would mean the extension to Manchuria of Nanking's foreign policy and the abrogation in that territory of the treaty with Japan, thus cutting off the latter's base of supplies in Manchuria and jeopardizing her interests there.

Death of Raditch **Jugoslavia.**—After lying seven weeks between life and death, in consequence of the bullet wound received on June 20, Stefan Raditch, leader of the Croatian Peasant party, died on August 8. A dozen of the most prominent physicians of central and southwestern Europe had watched by his bedside. During the last forty-eight hours he had shown signs of improvement. M. Raditch received Extreme Unction at 7:30 P. M., immediately before his death. The deceased leader was known as a persistent obstructionist in the matter of Yugoslav unity, and was accused of cultivating leanings towards Moscow. Extremely grave concern was felt both in Croatia and in Serbia as to the possible consequences of his death; no immediate demonstrations had occurred.

More oil was thrown on the flames by the shooting on August 5, by a Croatian workman, Josip Sunitch, of

Vladimir Hristovitch, a Serbian, editor of the Serbian daily, *Jedinstvo*, which had assailed Raditch, Pribitchevitch, and other leaders of the Croatian Peasant party in particularly bitter and inflammatory language. Some of the statements of Hristovitch were alleged to have incited the shootings in the Yugoslav Parliament.

Mexico.—On August 6, the *Osservatore Romano*, summing up the evidence on the murder of Obregon, was said in a dispatch to the New York *Times* to imply that the assassination was planned by President Calles or by men or organizations close to him. It also said that more than one person actually shot General Obregon and that everything pointed to a political purpose rather than a religious one. The same conclusion was later hinted at in a dispatch to the New York *Herald-Tribune* when a certain Castro was arrested in connection with the crime. Meanwhile, Bishop de la Mora issued a public statement in which he definitely stated that even though the murderer were a Catholic, and his immediate accomplices Catholics, this did not implicate the Church. President Calles had previously receded from his intransigent stand on this matter. It was known that the religious situation is a serious embarrassment to both political parties in the United States, to the financial interests, and Calles himself, and in view of the many efforts made for a settlement, it would not be surprising if the autumn witnessed some solution, at least partially favorable to both sides.

Panama.—Don Florencio Arosemena was chosen the sixth President of the Republic in the elections held on August 6. The Administration party likewise won all the seats in the National Assembly. The voting was said to be extremely light owing to the well-observed boycott of the polls by the Opposition faction. Every precaution was taken to prevent a revolutionary outbreak, but there was no need of such measures as the day was one of unprecedented tranquility. Only one vote was cast for Dr. Jorge Boyd, the Opposition candidate. The Porristas refused to accept the result of the balloting and subsequently urged Washington to institute an inquiry for fraud.

Poland.—Warsaw registered surprise at a note from Germany sent through the Polish Ambassador at Berlin, bearing a warning from the Reich against the menacing aspect of the Polish-Lithuanian dispute and offering to act as mediator. While no formal rejection had been made it was felt that Warsaw could securely leave the matter to be settled through the mediation of the League of Nations. About the same time the Lithuanian Premier, Waldemaras, expressed the opinion that the present controversy with Poland would find a peaceful settlement. In a statement issued from Kovno, Waldemaras predicted France would check any incautious policy of Marshal Pilsudski and at the same time endeavor to force Lithuania into a

settlement in order to escape the dilemma either of breaking a military treaty or the Locarno ties, if armed conflict between Russia and Poland should arise. It was believed at Warsaw that the Reich's note was the outcome of the presence in Berlin of Maxim Litvinoff, the Soviet diplomat.

Russia.—M. Tchitcherin, Soviet Foreign Minister, announced, on August 4, the willingness in principle of Soviet Russia to join the Kellogg compact to outlaw war. "It is not yet too late," he said. This declaration marked a change in Soviet policy, which previously, up to a week before the announcement, had preferred to wait until it received some official encouragement before indicating its desire to join in the discussion of the compact. The official Soviet organ, *Izvestia*, looked upon the compact as directed against Russia.

League of Nations.—Identical telegrams were sent on August 7 to the League by Great Britain, France and Germany, giving notice that they would ask the Assembly to revive the temporary regulation of 1926, whereby a country elected to the Council can be declared eligible for re-election at the moment it is first chosen. The request was made on behalf of Spain, in order that that country, since her return to the League, should enjoy virtual permanence on the Council.

Twenty-eight nations had registered by August 6 their nomination of Charles Evans Hughes to the Permanent Court of International Justice. This was looked upon as ensuring his election at the coming meeting of the Assembly. It was also reported that Mr. Hughes had made known his acceptance of the position. Mr. James Brown Scott, President of the American Institute of International Law, was nominated by both the Cuban and the Venezuelan groups. Peru nominated Mr. Hughes and Elihu Root. Canada proposed Lyman Poore Duff, Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, and Eugene LaFleur, attorney of Quebec.

The discussion started by Mary H. Kennedy by her article, "This Is an Advertising Age," is continued in two places in this issue. Next week Arthur Kenedy, the well-known publisher, will furnish a rejoinder entitled "It Pays to Advertise; Does Advertising Pay?"

"China, Versailles and After" will be the title of Dr. Paul Mallmann's second article in his current informative series on that burning topic.

"Christ Has Nothing to Do with It" is an open letter from Mary H. Kennedy to a friend of hers named Constance.

"Pictures and Prayerbooks" will be by Eleanor Trizisky, who wrote some time ago "The Artistic Side of Detroit."

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The Decline of the Federation of Labor

FOR some years we have viewed with grave concern the course of the American Federation of Labor. With the Federation's general purposes this Review, in common with most exponents of Catholic thought, has been in hearty sympathy. Its contribution to the various movements calculated to lift the workingman from a state closely resembling peonage to a condition in keeping with his dignity as a human being, has been of incalculable force.

At a time when our literati in the colleges, and even in our financial centers, were turning a favorable ear to the plausible lures of Socialism, the Federation stood like a rock against that dangerous enemy of civilized society. Keenly noting that many of the reforms, incidentally advocated by leading Socialists, were in no sense an outgrowth of Marxian philosophy but, rather, incompatible with it, the Federation was able to strike the evil at its root. Through the instrumentality of such men as John Mitchel and Samuel Gompers, the Federation successfully stemmed the Socialistic tide which at one time bade fair to engulf organized labor in this country.

In other respects, too, the Federation has deserved well both of the worker and of the country at large. It has vindicated the right of labor to associate in allied groups, and has made opposition to that right disreputable. Possibly some of its programs insisted too strenuously on higher wages as the *summum bonum*, but it must be remembered that these policies were formulated in a period when the living wage was not commonly accepted in principle, and even less commonly in practice.

The Federation has its shortcomings. It was never an association which fulfilled the requirements laid down by Leo XIII on his Encyclical "On the Condition of the Workingman," yet it seemed to us that its leaders were

doing all that could be reasonably demanded under the circumstances. Hence we were willing to approve its general purposes, in the hope that after labor had attained its proper place in the body politic the things which were lacking would be added.

It is with regret, then, that we are forced to recognize the declining power of the Federation within the last few years.

The decline in membership, caused largely by the growing strength of the company-controlled "union," is bad enough. A more ominous sign is its decline in influence over the worker.

In our frank opinion, this decline is traceable to leaders who either do not know their own minds, or who adopt a policy of expediency and shilly-shally when plain speaking and strong action are imperatively necessary.

The Federation and Mexico

AN instance in present point is the Federation's unfortunate dealings with the radicals in Mexico.

What the American worker has to hope from intimate relationships with men whose principles and practices are in direct opposition to the philosophy upon which this Government and our whole Christian civilization are founded, is beyond all conceiving.

If it be said that the purpose of the Federation was to show Mexican labor a method of extricating itself from the toils of slavery, the rejoinder is that the Federation certainly did not adopt or adapt means to that desirable end. Ninety-five per cent of the workers in Mexico are Catholics. Yet if the Federation ever made any effort to get at the mind of this Catholic majority, or to give them a hearing, sympathetic or otherwise, that effort is not of record.

On the contrary, from the outset the Federation treated with men whose very souls were steeped in red radicalism. What it condemned in Red Russia, it condoned, when it did not approve, in Mexico.

During the Convention still in session at Atlantic City, President Green dispatched to Calles a telegram of condolence on the assassination of President-elect Obregon. Calles replied in a communication, wet with crocodile tears, accusing "the Catholic clergy" of the crime.

Did Calles tell the Federation what he believed the Federation would be pleased to hear?

Taking into consideration the Mexicans to whom the Federation had extended the hand of fellowship, did Calles believe that the members of the American Federation of Labor were as rankly radical as they?

We offer no answer to the natural inquiries, leaving that task to President Green who communicated the Calles telegram to the press. We note, however, that thus far the Federation has taken no action which might show its displeasure with President Calles.

What influence the Catholic officials and members wield in the Federation, we do not know. However, in the absence of a rejoinder to Calles, the Federation goes on record as showing scant respect for the sensibilities of its Catholic members and officials.

For the sake of the results achieved largely through its instrumentality in the past, we hope that the Federation will not hesitate to denounce radicalism wherever it appears. At no time in our economic history have we stood in greater need of an honest, strong, and fearless Federation. The right of free labor to organize freely is but one of the many human rights which stand in peril because of the attacks made upon them by organized malefactors of great wealth and no conscience. Let the Federation eschew the miserable paltering which for some time has characterized it, and by placing itself squarely in the defense of right and justice, merit the honor of leading labor in its fight for a free and untrammelled existence. We are no mere well-wishing friend of organized labor, but its champion. That, precisely, is why we ask the American Federation of Labor to consider its ways and to mend them.

Every Catholic Student in a Catholic School

IN a letter to the *Living Church*, the Rev. H. D. Bull, an Anglican clergyman, briefly but pointedly shows why "the Church is losing her hold on the young college men and women." The reason is the exclusion of religion from the elementary and secondary schools. "We need not expect to give our children ten or twelve years of education with the religion left out," he writes, "and then expect them to be sympathetic to or responsive to the call of Christ for the succeeding four years It is certainly contrary to the whole idea of the Church which contemplates a spiritual development and growth, step by step, through every year of the life of the infant, the child, the youth and the adult."

What Mr. Bull writes is an expression of the command and wish of the Catholic Church with regard to the education of every Catholic child. As there is no human activity from which God may be wholly excluded, so no phase of education is fit for the Catholic if it excludes Almighty God. The Catholic ideal is a system of education beginning with the first lessons of the child at its mother's knee, and continuing through the school, the college, and the university, in which the very soul is the saving doctrine of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Even when forced to tolerate something less than this ideal, she never abandons the ideal itself, but incessantly strives to translate it into actuality.

Her constant activity in this country is known to every student. Wherever a temple is reared to the honor and glory of the Living God, there are also reared schools in which the Catholic child is prepared to live his Faith as a good citizen and an earnest Christian. In the face of poverty and of all manner of opposition the Catholic Church has never compromised. Not only does she establish schools of elementary and secondary grade, but whenever possible, colleges and universities. The spirit which founded Paris and Salamanca, Louvain and Bologna, Oxford and Cambridge, with a score of venerable seats of learning in the Old World is still at work in twentieth-century America.

The worst enemy of the Catholic Church in the United

States today is the enemy of her schools. Happily the avowed foe of Catholic education is rarely a member of the Catholic Church. It must be admitted, however, that some Catholics apparently feel themselves free to send their children to a school of their choice, without reference to the inhibitions of the Divine and the ecclesiastical laws. Of these Catholics, some are already so far from the Catholic spirit and practice that they are Catholics only in name. Others, however, act in sheer ignorance of the fact that the Church has ever spoken her mind on the matter of education.

This is not the place for a complete exposition of the obligations which bind the parents and guardians of Catholic children when the choice of a school is to be made. Perhaps it will suffice to say that the law and desire of the Church are summed up in the phrase "Every Catholic student in a Catholic school."

For good reasons, known to and approved by the local Ordinary, to enter a child at a non-Catholic school may be tolerated. This course, however, is never approved. And it should be remembered that the Catholic parent or guardian who follows it without the consent of his Bishop, is guilty of a grave violation of the law.

The Nordic and Other Pharisees

WE do not know much about Nordics, but we trust that we possess that open mind which is always ready for the reception of information.

Hence we turned with much interest to a report, recently carried in the metropolitan journals, of an address on this subject given at the Williamstown conference by Dr. Robert D. McKenzie, of the University of Washington. Dr. McKenzie was introduced as a specialist in race relations. His researches have lifted him high in the esteem of those sections of our learned population who are interested in this deeply stirring subject.

Dr. McKenzie will not admit that the Nordic is the very best cream at the top of the bottle. If at present the Nordic owns and operates more factories and more machines, human or non-vital, than other peoples, this superiority is merely due to the fact that "the Nordic happened to be the first to use mechanical energy and just happened to have the resources of energy. He then got that lead over the rest of the world in the nineteenth century which has given him the 'big head.'" With this lead established, the Nordic began to explain that he was better than the rest of the world because he came of a better racial stock.

Dr. McKenzie will not admit this claim. Scientific research, he holds, discloses no evidence of a biological superiority. "The white man's advantage rests merely on the fact that he got the start."

Some of the auditors, it is reported, did not agree. Whether they dissented from the professor's findings, or from the methods by which he arrived at them, is not stated in the account at hand. But the observer for the *New York Times*, Mr. Russell B. Porter, writes that "the results of the marathon at the Olympic games gave special point to the round-table discussion." This con-

test which, according to Mr. Porter, requires "an amount of stamina and endurance sometimes regarded as a distinctive Nordic attribute" was won by a "brown-skinned Algerian." A "dark-skinned Chilean" was second, a white gentleman third, and a "yellow-skinned Japanese" came in fourth.

It does not seem to us that this evidence is overwhelming. It is quite possible that the white gentleman carried a deep sorrow as extra weight, or that somewhere along the line of flight he had acquired a stone in his shoe.

Years ago when we heard much of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, that genial philosopher, Mr. Dooley, essayed to throw some light on the matter. His chief difficulty, he confessed, was to find some Anglo-Saxons to discuss. One, he had heard, lived in Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., where he drove a grocery wagon, but he had not been able to orient any others.

We find ourselves under a similar difficulty. No doubt, the matter has scientific aspects of value, but, as far as we have observed, there is not much difference between a Nordic and a Pharisee. We have them, unfortunately, in all races.

Mr. David Darrah of Rome

THE Roman correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, Mr. David Darrah, is far too guileless a person to remain at large in the Eternal City. Rare raconteurs lurk in the shadow of the Seven Hills, and their victim by choice is an American with a receptive and trusting ear. For this role, Mr. Darrah unquestionably qualifies.

It may be remembered that a few weeks ago the *Chicago Tribune* printed, with some display, certain paragraphs, dealing with the Presidential campaign, taken from the *Unità Cattolica*, which Mr. Darrah described as a Jesuit publication. Thereupon the *Unità* promptly disowned all Jesuit affiliations. In this country, the same disavowal was communicated to the *Chicago Tribune* and to the press in general, by the editor of this Review.

By August 4, Mr. Darrah had become aware of the fact that he had made a mistake. He explains it in the *Tribune* for that date by writing that he had "confused the *Unità Cattolica* [of Florence] with the *Civiltà Cattolica* [of Rome] which is admitted to be a Jesuit organ." One might have thought that the *Civiltà* also was striving to avoid all connection with the Jesuits, since the use of "admitted" in connection with that well-known Jesuit review, is on a par with saying that Governor Smith "admits" that he is a Democrat. Mr. Darrah concludes his explanation with the generous admission, "The Rome correspondent of the *Tribune* cannot prove that the *Unità Cattolica* is a Jesuit organ. He merely points out that it is generally known as such in Italy."

Instead of clinging so wistfully to his old mumpsimus, Mr. David would have done better had he simply written, "I was in error when I described the *Unità Cattolica* as a Jesuit publication."

All this may seem like a tempest in a teapot, and in some respects it is. But there is a serious aspect of which, in his innocence, Mr. Darrah seems wholly unaware.

The Society of Jesus, an international organization, numbers some thousands of members in the United States. The sole function of the Society is to extend the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, and this it endeavors to accomplish by preaching the Gospel, both here and in missionary fields, and by conducting colleges and universities. But wherever it exists, the Society takes no part whatever in partisan political interests and campaigns. For these, its members have neither the time, the inclination, nor, it may be added, the qualifications. We could wish no political party any worse luck than the accession to its ranks of a number of Jesuits offering political plans and stratagems. We feel certain that all, plans, stratagems and Jesuits alike, would be sadly wanting in the astuteness of the serpent so necessary in this naughty world.

As far as can be judged from the extracts printed in the *Tribune*, the articles in the *Unità* were not only political in nature, but—unintentionally, no doubt—so conceived and phrased as rightly to offend American susceptibilities. To assign them to the Society of Jesus, an association which wholly eschews politics, not only gave them an importance which they did not deserve, but attributed to the Society and, indirectly to the Catholic Church, political aims and purposes in the United States which neither the Church nor the Society of Jesus, here or abroad, entertains.

The incident once more proves that Catholics must accept with caution all press reports emanating from correspondents at Rome. A few of these gentlemen may be qualified for their posts. Some are lineal descendants of the late Baron Munchausen. Others are afflicted with a too, too credulous ear. To this last class we nominate Mr. David Darrah.

Quantity and Quality at College

THE chief statistician of the Bureau of Education estimates that the American colleges will enroll about 250,000 freshmen next month. Could we be sure that these young people are really the chosen one quarter of a million who can make good use of a college training, we should feel most happy.

But we are not sure. Educators who disagree on almost every point, join on the proposition that too many of the wrong kind manage to find their way into college. What is worse, by means of various contrivances, unknown to trustful faculties, they contrive to stay there.

However, Dr. F. C. Woodward, of the University of Chicago, gives us some ground for cheerfulness when he tells us that the colleges are more anxious than formerly to eliminate "those of unsound training, of inferior intellectual capacity, and of faulty intellectual habits."

We lead the world today in the number of college and university students. We can now afford to sacrifice quantity in favor of quality. "Democracy in education" sounds well enough, but it must not be taken to mean that every boy and girl, even among those who can pass the entrance tests, is fitted to profit by four years at college.

Bellarmino: Jesuit and Cardinal

WILLIAM I. LONERGAN, S.J.

AMONG other good works which the beatification, some five years back, of Robert Cardinal Bellarmine inspired was the undertaking by the Rev. James Brodrick, S.J., of a biography in English of the distinguished controversialist. The two volumes* which have resulted merit more than usual consideration. They tell the entertaining story of a colorful life and they have all the earmarks of a frank and judicial historical study. Moreover, according to some, our Constitution quite decidedly shows Bellarmine's influence, though Father Brodrick questions whether the resemblances are more than superficial and rather frowns upon attempts to turn the Cardinal into a sort of prophet of American Federalism.

Born at Montepulciano, October 4, 1542, and living to the ripe old age of nearly four-score years (d. September 15, 1621), it is not too much to say that Bellarmine was the outstanding scholar and churchman of his day. In fact the theories he popularized in the sixteenth century regarding the origin of political sovereignty, the temporal power of the Pope, the relations of Church and State, and papal authority and infallibility, are warmly debated even yet in our own age and country. His parents, though neither rich nor of the nobility, were of good stock—Pope Marcellus II was his mother's half-brother—and Robert was the third of their twelve children. A youthful ambition to practice medicine gave way, as the boy matured, to a desire for the priesthood, but it was only in September, 1560, that paternal opposition to his vocation abated and he was free to follow his heart's bent.

Arriving at the Roman novitiate of the recently founded Society of Jesus, Bellarmine was immediately allowed to pronounce his religious vows, a privilege which would not be dreamed of today. Beyond an initial ten days spent in retreat, his formal noviceship lasted only a fortnight. Less than a month after he reached the Holy City Brother Roberto was sent to the Collegio Romano to begin his three-year philosophy course. Subsequently he spent a brief period teaching the classics at Florence and at the small university town of Mondivi, in Piedmont.

Almost from the inception of his religious life, Bellarmine became a marked man and a public figure. His class work and several public scholastic disputations early evidenced his exceptional natural talents and scholarly attainments. But it was chiefly for the splendid promise he gave as an eloquent, fearless and effective preacher, that he commanded popular attention. In his day it was not unusual for seminarians to occupy the pulpit, and when barely twenty-one, he was preaching with éclat before the Archbishop in the magnificent *duomo* of

Florence, where seventy years earlier Savonarola had thundered forth his denunciations.

It was Bellarmine's success in this field that prompted superiors to shorten his regency and send him to the University of Padua to begin theology, and later, because of the need of half-heretical Belgium for capable preachers, to transfer him to the University of Louvain for its completion. One is inclined to smile at the paternal solicitude of the Roman authorities for the health of the young scholastic at this juncture. In a letter, they mention that he was not strong and required a good deal of care, adding very thoughtfully: "If your beer does not agree with him, will you please see that he has a little wine, and if he cannot manage the coarse, salted meat of your country, kindly treat him to a little fresh, good meat."

Bellarmino's ordination occurred in 1570. It was preceded, following the prescription, then in vogue, of Pope St. Pius, by his solemn profession, though two years later he was professed of the customary four vows of the Society of Jesus. The very year of Father Robert's priesthood, the Jesuits, distrustful of the teaching at the University where Michael Baius was already beginning to sow the seeds of heresy, had obtained permission to establish a theological faculty of their own. Young Bellarmine was appointed the first Jesuit professor in Louvain. The only formal equipment he brought to his task was the three-year general course he had just completed but, though modern advocates of the doctorate as a prerequisite for any university chair would probably look contemptuously upon such meager preparation, it was soon clear that no mistake had been made in the choice. He did not hesitate openly to attack Baius' current errors, a David struggling with Goliath. From the outset he was the peer of the giant theologian who had sat with honor in the Council of Trent and had won laurels for himself as Chancellor of the University.

Bellarmino was a versatile scholar, apt both for scholastic speculation and for philological research. Though controversy proved his forte, his scholastic interests were many—Scripture, patrology, history, Hebrew, and Oriental languages. His fame as a teacher was enhanced by the affectionate interest he showed in his students and their work. In consequence he early became a popular object of "wire-pulling" by his own religious superiors and others. There is evidence that the Rector of the famous college of Clermont, in Paris, made unblushing overtures to the Jesuit General in Rome to secure him from Louvain, apropos of which the Belgian superior said roundly that "he was amazed at some people's impudence." At the same time St. Philip Neri and the great Baronius were angling for him for the archdiocese of Milan.

However, as Gregory XIII also wanted him for the chair of controversial theology at the Roman College,

*The Life and Work of Blessed Robert Francis Cardinal Bellarmine, S.J. 1542-1621. By James Brodrick, S.J. With an Introduction by His Eminence Cardinal Enrie, S.J. Two volumes. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$10.50.

thither he ultimately went, confessedly homesick for Italy after his seven busy and fruitful years in Louvain. In Rome it was his privilege to be the spiritual director of St. Aloysius whom he attended on his death-bed and near whose shrine in the Church of St. Ignatius his own sacred remains now rest. It was also during his professorship at the Roman College that the first volume of his "Controversies" appeared.

Occasioned by the teachings of the Reformers, the "Controversies" were an epoch-making publication, maintaining their place at the head of the Church's apologetic literature, right up to our own time. On the Continent they at once became a "best-seller," and overseas British churchmen soon came to speak of knowing their Bellarmine as they knew their Bible. Touching as it did many thorny politico-religious problems, we are not surprised that the work should have been bitterly assailed.

These attacks were not confined to the heretics. Roman canonists complained because it apparently conceded too little authority to the Papacy, French lawyers because it conceded too much. Even some of Bellarmine's own brethren denounced it as dangerous. Nor was the opposition satisfied until Sixtus V announced his decision to put the "Controversies" on the Index, though his death intervened before the official promulgation.

Indicative of the warmth of the controversy was the author's remonstrance to the Jesuit General apropos of critics among his brethren: "Instead of all pulling together as we ought, we bite one another, and in very truth, the enemies of a man are those of his own household." Following a severe verbal trouncing of one of them in particular, he writes to His Paternity:

It may sound a little harsh but I thought this necessary in order to repress his insolence. Never have I seen as far as I can remember, less knowledge combined with more presumption. . . . If I did not feel certain that your Paternity would make him retract these errors and that he would obey, I would feel bound in conscience to denounce him to the Inquisition as being a dangerous man.

So bitter on the other hand were opponents of the "Controversies," that we find an official of the Rota, Dr. Francis Pegna, writing to Paul V:

If this little Christian [Bellarmine was short of stature] were possessed of solid and Christian zeal, instead of itching to write a new book every week in his own defense, he would restrain himself and set about correcting those erroneous opinions which the public authority of the Church will eventually have to correct.

Eventually there were no corrections!

In addition to his preaching, teaching and writing, Bellarmine's capacity for government and administration merited that he should have been burdened in turn with the duties of Rector of the Roman College, Provincial of Naples, Rector of the Penitenzieria residence, and ultimately elevated to the cardinalial dignity by Clement VIII. He was an indefatigable and enthusiastic workman. His correspondence was voluminous and his good-natured generosity made him the victim of everybody's needs.

When the handicaps under which he labored are remembered—almost constant weak health, and the lack of an amanuensis and ready access to books of reference, some judgment may be formed of his prodigious activity.

The 2,000,000 words in his "Controversies" were all written with his own hand. In the second volume alone, 259 ecclesiastical writers are cited textually, as well as 59 historians, philosophers and humanists, and practically all the citations were personally selected from their contexts by Bellarmine. Not all that he wrote is faultless: he had his intellectual shortcomings and was the victim of the limited learning of his times.

Space does not permit even an enumeration of the important commissions entrusted to him by the Society or the Papacy. To quote Cardinal Ehrle:

There was scarcely a single important ecclesiastical affair of his age in which he did not take a leading part, the struggle with heresy, the reform of the Calendar and Breviary, the revision of the Vulgate under Sixtus V and Clement VIII, the great controversy between the Dominicans and Jesuits about efficacious grace, the interdict pronounced against the Republic of Venice, the assault of King James of England and his theologians on the temporal prerogatives of the Holy See, the events leading up to the first trial of Galileo—these were but some of the more prominent.

As his beatification proves, the Jesuit Cardinal was a man of heroic virtue. Enemies—Passionei, Döllinger, Reusch, Lord Acton, Msgr. Baumgarten, have tried hard to besmirch his reputation. He is charged with being a revengeful, clever, calculating Jesuit; a self-advertiser; an intriguing, astute, ecclesiastical diplomat; an ambitious double-dealer "pulling unsanctified wires to obtain the red hat"; over-interested as a Cardinal in his poor relations; a concocter of lies to defend the Sixtine Bible. His biography shows that these are all libels. His career was as edifying as it was useful and brilliant. He was the intimate friend of St. Philip Neri, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Francis de Sales, and the great Baronius. More than once he was seriously considered for the Papacy and on the first scrutiny in the conclave which elected Leo XI, he stood at the head of the poll.

Blessed Bellarmine sought no human honors. The cardinalate, he felt, would not sanctify him. He said that he found the calendar full of saintly bishops but only one cardinal, Bonaventure, and he was cardinal only a few days. In which connection Father Brodrick interestingly notes that of the hundred and more Saints and Blessed of the Society of Jesus, Bellarmine himself is the only one who wore a miter or a red hat. If he vehemently defended his writings, it was because he feared criticisms might have seriously compromised his orthodoxy and ruined his chances of doing good.

Always staunchly loyal to his Order, more than once he came to the help of its superiors. He wrote one of the finest defenses extant of its "blind" obedience. He was often the General's intermediary in embarrassing situations, as when the Venetians objected to accepting gracefully a Neopolitan for their Provincial, and again, when in misguided zeal one of the Spanish Fathers wanted to start a discalced branch of the Order, and other disgruntled subjects advocated changes in its Constitution. Yet on occasions he did not hesitate to be quite frank with his superiors. Protesting the want of observance of ceremonies in solemn functions on the part of his fellow Jesuits, he once wrote:

The fathers and brothers might learn the ceremonies in a single recreation, if they were coached by someone who knew them well. This might even be a more useful way of spending the time than discussing the gossip of Rome. . . . If it be found too difficult to learn such a number of ceremonies, why not give up singing Solemn Masses and be content with saying Low ones?

Frankness was one of his characteristic virtues. He was plain spoken almost to the scandal of the weak. "There is no sense in them," he said, of the breviary antiphons used in his day for the feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, and he forced the substitution of others. With the fearlessness of a St. Bernard, he wrote bluntly what he thought and felt about public affairs, even to the Popes. Mostly they took his admonitions in good part, though it was his inconveniently candid criticism of the pontifical policy, after the first meeting of the celebrated Congregation *De Auxiliis* that influenced Clement VIII gracefully to "rusticate" him from Rome by "promoting" him to the archiepiscopal See of Capua. But there was nothing bitter or personal in what he said. Even in his discussions with the Reformers when "professional gladiators vilified each other," and when the use of abuse "was an inter-denominational and international art, practised by the Tiber as well as by the Thames," Bellarmine always rose superior to the usual vulgarities. In the 2,000,000 words of his "Controversies," one enemy could find but a dozen that had the appearance of being offensive. His biography, as its author intends, should win a niche in Catholic affections "for one who deserves it if ever a man did."

All About Trout

OWEN P. MACKEY

HOW shameful is the necessity of having recourse to raucous, newsboy devices in alluring the interest of fellow humans to a consideration of that most astute of fish—the trout! Perhaps it arises from the fact that the graceful object of this paper is unfamiliar to so many. Anyhow there seems to be some need of stimulation. The good, candid Walton realized this, for in the preface to his "Compleat Angler" he says, "And next let me add this, that he that likes not the book should like the excellent picture of the Trout, and some of the other fish, which I may take the liberty to commend because they concern not myself." But what man ever "liked not" the book?

Most people like fish. Many cannot eat them, many more, chiefly the ladies, cannot handle them—especially alive!—but all like to look at them. Little four-year-old Susie and her grandpa will spend their sunny half-hours on the cement shore of the fish-pond in City Park. Aquaria abound. They range in size from the crystal globe of the elderly single lady to the great, polygonal glass lake in the sun porch, holding sandy beaches and mossy runways and little windowed castles in its depths.

And all this fuss about goldfish; stupid, slow, but glittering! The greater modern aquaria offer spectacles that thrill—horsefish that look like chess pieces; swordfish that almost fence; flat fish, round fish, square fish, a perfect watery sideshow. Fish ponds are apparently

an age-old institution. Walton quotes Pliny to the effect that "Antonia, the wife of Drusus, had a lamprey at whose gills she hung jewels or earrings," and that "others have been so tender-hearted as to shed tears at the death of fishes they have kept and loved." According to Seneca "the ancients did usually keep their fish living in glass bottles in their dining room, and they did glory much in their entertaining of friends to that fish taken from under their table alive that was to be instantly fed upon." In the last analysis the reason for our interest is that of the lad bent prostrate over the pool of minnows. He was "jest watchin' 'em 'cuz they went so fast without legs, and kept always swimmin'."

Now a trout cannot be caged. He ceases then to be himself, and becomes dark, mossbacked, colorless. Sounding the soft, green depths behind the granite boulder, breasting the rushing riffles where the current broadens, plumbing the dark pools where springs gurgles up between fallen trees, he is the aristocrat of his species, its truest type. In form most perfect, in movement most spirited, his colored coat glistens in the splintered sun ray and he welcomes to visit or to battle.

Ah, to battle with a trout! That is the sport of honest, brave men of every social station; of Presidents and candidates; of Bishops, at least Walton knew one such and I know another; of literateurs, Henry Van Dyke is a modern witness; of kings, perhaps, though no names occur at the moment; of the vast democracy of the rod and reel.

The time for attack varies with the location of the objective to be taken. During late August in the mountain streams the foe does mighty combat. Advance is made with extreme caution. Head up-stream, the "rainbow" waits for food or fight; nervous, determined. From your place of vantage you whip your line out straight behind and return it over the water. The fly poises an instant, then drops lightly on the surface. A crescent of silver flashes through the shadow, the rod bends double, the reel screeches and whistles, the warfare has begun. Back to his fortress of rock or log he takes the taut line. Steadily you draw him out into the open current. Back again he flies to cover. Again you reel in strongly. Now he leaps into the air striving to snap the cursed hook. You bring him nearer and nearer. For five or ten minutes the struggle lasts. It seems like an hour. At last a swift scoop of the hand net catches the battling form. You are the victor.

Was it not Andrew Lang who said, "No one is in a condition to enjoy scenery to the full unless he have a fly-rod in his hand and a fly-book in his pocket"? Some may disagree that the mental alertness, the poise of nerve and muscle required of the trout fisherman forbids the contemplative calm so essential to the enjoyment of nature's grandeur. But this is hardly half true. He who will wade the Piney or the Vasquez or any other clamorous creek of the Colorado Rockies, and cast his fly on the pools that lie beside the current, will feel himself a small but perfect piece of the awing snow-caps at his back, the tall blue spruce at his side or the grey-brown boulders in his path. Or if he tread down some little

esk of the Miramichi through a corridor of black New Brunswick pines, or follow some brook across a Scottish moor when the fog settles like smoke over the waters he will surely sense his absorption into the surrounding scene. This identity with his environment, which because of the peace and quiet of his art is the trout's very own, becomes doubly intense in the twilight at morn or eve, when the does lead their fawns to drink and the moose munch greedily among water-lilies.

Sir Henry Watton in his simple pastoral on Spring tells how,

The jealous trout that low did lie
Rose at a well-dissembled fly.
There stood my friend, with patient skill
Attending of his trembling quill.

There is science and romance about the artificial fly used to lure the cunning fish from his element. Nay, even an art. To so match nature in color and curve as to deceive the human eye is accounted by men a fine and artful thing. What then of that imitation which can "beguile any sharp-sighted trout in a swift stream"? "You are to know that there are so many sorts of flies as there be of fruits."

Each shade of season or weather or change within the daily hours has some fly peculiarly its own. Their names ring with the music of the river—the soft whistle of the wind through the willows; the roar and din of the canyons, and all the scale between. The Olive Quill and the Ginger Quill; the Black Gnat and the Red Ant, both good in bright weather; the Hackles, Gray, Brown and

Peacock; the Royal Coachman, with his cockney pride; the White Moth, for the evenings; the Salmon-fly, the May-fly, the Flag-fly, and hundreds of others there are.

How carefully the fisherman selects his stock! How cautiously he assort them and lays them within the downy leaves of his fly-book as a mother places her infant in its crib! He is prouder of his collection than any hoarder of rare and precious things. Does the hunter fondle his guns and tell you great tales of their prowess? Does the climber show you the stocks that have helped him over the glaciers or saved the lives of his comrades? Then the trout will show you his friendly flies and point to their damaged plumage, and with him you will live again the lonely fights of the canyon.

At evening we have a picture for a Remington. Calling the moose against the morn; riding the sage range in the gloaming may be strong canvas subjects of the outdoors, but a better to my mind is that of the trout trudging out of the dark into the light of campfire. He stands there in the red glow, pipe in mouth, his boots all drab with road dust and his creel slung jauntily over his shoulder. There is history and courage writ into the picture of any man and a shoulder bag. It may be a boy with his school kit or a soldier with a knapsack; a dispatch rider of the old-time wars or a carrier of the first United States post. Still there is something more striking, in a quiet, open-air way, about the fisherman who carries at his side the grass-lined, willow creel packed deep with speckled beauties.

The Forging of China's Chains

PAUL J. MALLMANN, B.A., Sc.D.

DURING the last century both China and Japan were forced into political relations with Europe and America against their will. Under the guise of treaties they were deprived of their sovereignty and independence in many ways. They were humiliated in the eyes of their own nationals by the principle of extra-territoriality, a principle they were compelled to live up to, but did not understand, for these agreements were forced on them by heavy guns.

Later Japan understood the situation clearly and demanded cancellation of these obnoxious regulations and treaties, but only after her defeat of Russia on land and sea did her demand to be treated as an equal amongst the Great Powers of the earth find attention. China repeatedly made desperate attempts to throw off the foreign chain of servitude, the Boxer Rising being a last attempt of the Dowager Empress to retain for the Manchus the mastery in their own house.

This rising was declared by the occidental ambassadors to be a revolution against the throne, when they solemnly exonerated the Empress of all blame. It was not a revolution against the throne, for the most loyal provinces of China participated at the time, provinces that remained faithful to the Manchus to the end. It was an ill-con-

ceived and badly planned revolt against the foreigners. To understand it correctly, visualize half a dozen vigorous alien nations occupying Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond, Savannah and New Orleans by force of arms, making their own laws, defying our laws and customs, denying our sovereignty in our own towns. Add to this some alien customs officials collecting our taxes and keeping the proceeds, regulating and restricting our tariffs, but demanding prompt payments of loans forced upon us against our will by superior naval and military equipment. There would be a dozen Boxer Risings.

Japan is determined not to permit a repetition in her own case. By championing the rights of China, by constituting herself the guardian of Asia, by attempting to bring under her military and civil control a nation of 435,000,000 people, with a potential wealth equaled by none, by trying to induce another nation of 300,000,000 inhabitants to throw off the yoke of servitude of England, Japan, ever mindful of the wrongs done her by the Caucasian races, is working for and is aiming at an Asia for the Asiatics, a Pacific Ocean for the Asiatics, nay a predominating position amongst all the nations.

This is evidenced by the statements of Count Okuma,

Mr. Tokutomi and Baron Kato made in 1913; also by Prince Ito's testamentary instructions of 1910 to his son, Baron Bunkichi Ito, when he wrote: "But it is Japan's duty to safeguard not only China but all oriental nations, including Korea and Manchuria. The domination of the Sea of Japan, of the China Sea and of the Pacific Ocean is a matter of the most vital importance for our own protection."

The Manchus pass, the Republic is ushered in. From a corrupt, highly centralized, autocratic but benevolent regime, poor China passes to a thoroughly misunderstood, dissipated, happy-go-lucky rule of a Republic, with functions unknown. Young China by attempting to destroy the foundation of her greatness, the Dragon Throne, the cult of her ancestors, the family worship, the home, Confucianism with the ancient classics and practices, is destroying herself, drifting into chaos, till a vigorous ruler, be he prince or peasant, rises, unites the realm, expels the foreigner, becomes master in his own house. This would make for a strong China, a condition none of the great Powers of this admiring world desires, as will be seen by subsequent events.

Yuan Shi Kai's idea of creating himself Emperor fell through. The Japanese Government advised him to don the Yellow, and then with arms, supplies and money supported various sections of revolutionists. Hostility to a well-established monarchy, to a well-conducted Republic, to rule and order of any kind, hostility in fact to anything that would make China strong existed then, exists today.

Russian-Japanese interference in Chinese internal affairs has become evident. On May 1, 1911, the Russian foreign ministry informed England and China of the Russian Japanese opposition to any railroad line south of Harbin; it was considered injurious by Japan to her South Manchurian road. At that time Pauling and Co. had contracted for a line joining the north Chinese town of Hsin-Min-Hun with the Mongolian trade center, Fakumen. England protested; China offered arbitration by the Hague Tribunal. Japan declined the latter and snubbed the former. By the treaty of Portsmouth, Japan had obligated herself by Article IV not to obstruct any of China's commercial and industrial Manchurian developments; by the Treaty of Tokio, of the same year, based on the Portsmouth treaty, Japan had solemnly declared to the Chinese plenipotentiaries that Japan would under no circumstances restrict China in the extension of China's means of communication in Manchuria.

On July 13, 1911, a modified treaty of alliance between England and Japan was signed. It ran for ten years, terminating on July 13, 1921; from that date it ran with yearly notice. It declared the preservation of the common interests (*sic*) of all Powers in China; it upheld the principle of equal opportunity for all nations in China; it asserted China's independence and integrity. The American Arbitration Treaty with England was provided for by Article IV. It reads: "Should either high contracting party conclude a treaty of general arbitration with a third party, it is agreed that nothing in this agreement shall entail upon such contracting party an obli-

gation to go to war with the Power with whom such treaty of arbitration is in force." Pending the signature of the American Arbitration Treaty with England, Japan entered into negotiations with General Madero of Mexico to secure fishing rights in Magdalena Bay. At that time the Japanese leading papers openly advocated an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine and told England that the Anglo-Japanese treaty had ceased to serve any good purpose.

On October 10, 1911, a vigorous revolution against the Manchus broke out. In December, 1911, Mr. Iguin, the Japanese Minister at Peking, informed Yuan Shi Kai that Japan would not permit the abdication of the Manchus. In February, 1912, the Manchus abdicated. Prior to this a revolutionary Government had been established at Nanking with Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, leader of the Southerners, as President. This was followed by the election to the presidency of Yuan Shi Kai by the two assemblies on October 6, 1913. Then came a counter but abortive revolution, and the precipitant flight of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen to Japan. Then also came the recognition of the Chinese Republic by the United States, Europe and Japan following America's lead. This is the same Dr. Sun Yat-Sen who admitted to Colonial Secretary, Sir Alexander Swettenham, at Singapore that his money came from Japan; a price of \$20,000 gold was on his head then. This is also the same Yuan Shi Kai who as commander-in-chief of the imperial troops refused to arrest Tzu-Hsi, notwithstanding his direct orders from Kwang-Hsu, the Emperor, to place the lady out of harm's way on an island. Instead of this he warned the Dowager Empress, who promptly lodged the Emperor where he had wanted the old lady to be.

On January 27, 1912, Mr. Ophi said in the Diet: "There are many Japanese serving both in the Imperialist and Revolutionary armies. Tokio recently gave its support to Peking, yet now it claims to have been strictly neutral." Not to be outdone by this, General Ichimoto, Japanese Minister of War, informed the Diet that arms to the value of 3,000,000 yen had been sold to the revolutionists. Profiting by the disorder existing, the Russian Minister at Peking demanded in January, 1912, the recognition of Northern Mongolia's independence, to be ruled by the Kutukhtu Lama. China was forbidden to interfere in Mongolia's domestic affairs, was ordered to abandon colonization, was ordered to stop drawing military contributions from Mongolia; was told that a railroad between Kiakhta and Urga would be built by a Russian loan obtained in France, but secured on the Chinese patrimony of Northern Mongolia.

It was then that Prince Katsura settled with Russia the Manchurian-Mongolian absorption. It was then that this Japanese diplomat speaking at St. Petersburg referred to Secretary of State Knox as "one of those amateur outsiders whose excellent intentions outrun their sense of political fitness." Manchuria used to be one of the best American markets in the Far East.

In 1913 the Hakabatzu campaign against America was launched. The Californian land law was the excuse, not the cause of this, for Japan could scarcely demand from the United States or of any State in the Union the right

of her nationals to own land here when not a square inch of land can be held by any foreigner in Japan, because it would defile the sacred soil of that country. But goaded on by official Japan and the press alike, Japanese feeling demanded war with the United States or revision of the treaty, and Premier Count Yamamoto expressed his approval of the cry. Count Okuma's organ, the *Hochi*, demanded the expulsion of the American missionaries. He claimed that we needed them more than they. Frantic efforts were made by Japan to raise £70,000,000 (about \$350,000,000) in London, Paris and Berlin. The loan negotiations failed, and the mines placed to protect our harbors as well as the booms were removed. Our navy, at that time proportionately much stronger than now, was ready, and neither England nor France nor Germany cared particularly to see over a quarter-billion dollars worth of loans go to the bottom of the Pacific. And the real cause? The Panama Canal, then in course of completion, the Islands in the Pacific then in the course of being fortified, challenged Japan's claim to dominate the Pacific. The Japanese Government by hook or crook desired to force a decision before the completed Panama Canal enabled us to send our Atlantic battle fleet at short notice to the Pacific, and before our Island fortifications and docks then under construction over there could shelter, refuel, and repair our battle cruisers and dreadnaughts.

"What object would Japan have," Li Yuan-Hung, Vice-President of the Chinese Republic was asked by T. F. Millard, Editor of the *China Press*, on July 16, 1913, "in fostering disorder in China?" "Japan does not want China to grow strong," he replied. "That is her broad political object and she adopts various means of keeping China back and retarding her development. One way to keep China weak is to split the country into two or several parts, each arrayed against the other."

Japan's policy of the Open Door means its closure to all but Japan. It killed foreign trade in Korea, in the most important commercial centers of Mongolia. This is evidenced by the virtual extinction of foreign imports into Korea, by the removal of our consulate in 1915 from Newchwang, Manchuria's port of entry and important mercantile center on the Pechili Gulf, by the repeated protests of the American Association of China, by the foreign chambers of commerce, by the British China Association, by the interpellation in the House of Commons, by the closing of the British Consulate at Antung. In a report of the Committee of the American Association of China it said: "In fact they (Japan's trading methods) constitute a most serious violation of the 'Open-Door' principle on which the diplomacy of the United States in China is based." George Pauling, British contractor, ruefully writes on July 23, 1914: "China's sovereign rights have been tacitly abrogated through a district as large as our Indian Empire." And again, "British subjects are no longer entitled to exercise their legitimate treaty rights or to claim protection for their legitimate interests and business."

Next week I will take up the story of the effects of the Great War and the Versailles Treaty.

Flowers that Bloom Unseen

VINCENT DE PAUL FITZPATRICK

THE thought to write these rambling remarks came to me one night after a banquet which marked the closing chapter in the celebration of the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of the opening of St. Patrick's School in Baltimore and the golden jubilee of the directorship of that school by the Xaverian Brothers.

The school was opened shortly after Francis Scott Key had written "The Star-Spangled Banner" while a prisoner on a British frigate, during the bombardment of Fort McHenry across the harbor from St. Patrick's parish. The first pupils of St. Patrick's School used to whistle the tune of Key's new song just as the youngsters of that school whistled the tune of George Cohan's song, "Over There," eleven years ago.

Lucky were the pupils of 114 years ago, for we have learned from the Rev. John I. Barrett, Superintendent of Education for the Archdiocese of Baltimore, that only two branches were taught in the early grade schools of this country, Writing and Reading. Arithmetic and other banes of boyish and girlish days came afterward.

The celebration of the establishment of this Baltimore school went by entirely unnoticed outside the Monumental City. And yet the founding of that school was a noteworthy event. It antedated by a number of years the establishment of the public-school system in Baltimore and many other cities. It was free to non-Catholics as well as Catholics. That fact should have silenced the bigots of 115 years ago as it should clamp the tongues of bigots of today. It should, but it will not.

At the banquet, a distinguished Baltimore layman, Mr. William P. Ryan, gave us a resume of the history of St. Patrick's parish and its school. The parish is actually 136 years old, but it got its real start as a parochial institution in 1806 through the generosity of a grateful sailor and the self-sacrificing devotion and bravery of a French priest, Father John Moranvillé, who was so poor when he arrived in Baltimore that he had to borrow money from students of St. Mary's Seminary to redeem his trunk from the captain of a sailing vessel on which he had fled from the persecution of French officials in Cayenne. St. Patrick's parish is still the "port of many men" from the cities and towns of the seven seas. Sailors live in boarding houses along the water front in the parish as they have lived there for a century and a quarter.

In the year 1806 a sailor on a ship lying in the Baltimore harbor at the foot of St. Patrick's parish was stricken with yellow fever, an epidemic of which was sweeping Baltimore at the time. Father Moranvillé, who had spent his days and nights ministering to the victims of the epidemic was summoned to administer the last rites to the sailor. The sailor died. In gratitude to Father Moranvillé, he left in his will \$7,500 to the pastor. This money the sailor had won in a lottery. (Lotteries were legal in those days; indeed, a lottery was conducted to help build the Baltimore Cathedral, the cradle of the Hierarchy of the United States.)

Father Moranvillé used \$2,500 of the sailor's legacy to

help the yellow-fever victims and the other \$5,000 to remove the old St. Patrick's Church from its site in Apple Alley to Broadway and Bank Street, where there has been a St. Patrick's Church ever since in a neighborhood picturesque and romantic.

Prior to the opening of the little St. Patrick's Church in Apple Alley the parishoners had worshiped in two rooms in a house on Fell's Point. The landlord of the property gave them notice to move because he discovered the congregation had become so great that the walls of the house were bulging.

And now for some rambling thoughts which came to me after I had left the banquet hall. Seated near me at the banquet was Brother Isidore, for many years Provincial of the Xaverian Order in the United States and for several terms president of Mount St. Joseph's College, Baltimore. Brother Isidore entered the religious life at the age of twelve years—the youngest boy ever admitted in the history of the Xaverian order. He has been professed 63 years.

This venerable educator was called upon to give a short talk at the banquet. He is a man of scholarly attainments, more than that he is a Religious of the deepest humility. He, who has held so many positions of distinction and responsibility in his Order is engaged, voluntarily, these days, teaching a group of five boys of retarded mentality at Saint Mary's Industrial School. Patiently, Brother Isidore repeats over and over again to these boys the simplest of lessons. It takes him hours and days to convey to them what the average boy grasps in a few minutes.

Babe Ruth is a product of St. Mary's Industrial School. He spent all his years there from the time he was seven years old until Brother Paul, now Provincial of the Xaverian Order, signed Babe's contract with Jack Dunn's "Orioles." Babe was twenty years old at the time and a minor. Brother Paul, to whom the Home-Run King is devotedly attached, signed the contract as Ruth's guardian. Ruth, who learned to play baseball at St. Mary's, receives \$70,000 a season from the Yankees. It is generally conceded that he has made as much as \$200,000 a year—perhaps more, from his various ventures. Here we have a contrast, Ruth receiving a fortune to hit home runs, Brother Isidore receiving not a penny in his efforts to open up the minds of five afflicted boys to the rays of the light of knowledge.

After the banquet I sat on the porch of my home, resting from the labors of a strenuous day. It was the first of May, Mary's month. The moon rode high and all the city was bathed in light. The chimes of the Johns Hopkins University near by sounded the midnight hour.

Within a few miles of me and within a few miles of St. Mary's Industrial School and St. Agnes' Hospital lives Henry L. Mencken. Mr. Mencken, who has picked up news of interest in many parts of the world, probably has never heard of the sailor who was the pioneer, in a way, of elementary education in the city of Baltimore. He has never heard, in all probability, of Father Moranvillé who spent days and nights ministering to the yellow-fever victims of Mr. Mencken's native city. There is material here for other writers—but not for Mr. Mencken.

I was stung to my reflections, not by the things which Mr. Mencken writes but by a criticism which I had heard a good Catholic man utter a day or two before the St. Patrick's banquet. This friend expressed the opinion that the spirit of self-sacrifice, of religious zeal, of humility has lost ground in recent years—that even our priests are not animated by the spirit of their predecessors.

The day after my friend had spoken his criticism, I received two letters. One was from an apostate priest whose misconduct has shocked and grieved many and left a terrible impress upon them. This apostate in his brazenness sought, through his letter, for money to carry on his work of attacking the Church and priesthood.

The other letter was from Brother Dutton of the Molokai leper colony. Many of the readers of AMERICA know the story of Brother Dutton's life. He served in the Union Army in the Civil War and is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. He faced death from shot and shell and emerged unscathed. A few years after the war Brother Dutton said goodbye to the country for which he had fought with his heart's best love—said farewell to friends whose affections and companionship he cherished. He set out for Molokai to take up the duties laid down by the intrepid Damien when death called.

His letter brimmed over with cheerfulness and jokes and gratitude. Not a penny did he ask from me, though the Good Lord knows how much Brother Dutton would be helped in his work by contributions. No, the letter was one of gratitude to me—not for money—for I had sent him none, but for Catholic papers and a line or two of appreciation of his brave sacrifice.

Then as I thought of that letter of Brother Dutton, my mind wandered to a recent news story telling of the death of Father Francis Xavier Nicouleau, of France, at the Leper colony of Makogai, the Fiji Islands.

Father Nicouleau, who was a member of the Marist Order, served for thirty years as chaplain of the lepers at Makogai. In the end, he was stricken with the disease and for six years lived as a leper in a hut built of reeds and leaves. He said Mass whenever he could. His "altar boy" was a leper whose legs had been amputated as the disease ate up his body. Suffering as he did, Father Nicouleau remained patient and helpful. He spent many hours a week making artificial arms and legs for those whose limbs had been eaten away. When this saintly Marist died, another French priest, a Father Marcel, volunteered to take his place.

Quite recently our newspapers carried brief accounts of the death of Father Joseph M. Cataldo, S.J., of Slickpoo, Idaho. You who read this know as much about Slickpoo as I do. Until a few months ago I had never heard of Father Cataldo. Then one day, I received a news story saying that Father Cataldo was about to celebrate the diamond jubilee of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. I read the sketch of the aged Jesuit's life and discovered that he was one of the most remarkable of the thousands of priests who have labored in this country.

Father Cataldo, I learned, had been the apostle of the Nez Perces and other Indian tribes. He had converted the Nez Perces to the Catholic Faith. He was one of

the pioneer builders of the city of Spokane, Washington. He was the intermediary between the Indians and the United States Army officers who had been commissioned to put down Indian insurrections. He preserved peace and prevented war.

Father Cataldo died suddenly at the age of ninety-one, a few days after his diamond anniversary. On Christmas Day last, he attended High Mass at midnight and preached to his Indian congregation for forty minutes, retired early in the morning, arose at 8 o'clock and said three Masses, remained in church, fasting, for the High Mass; waited for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the singing of the Te Deum and thus helped to bring to a glorious close the mission which he, at the age of ninety-one, conducted for the Indians.

One more story and I shall have done with my rambblings. In North Carolina there is a small town, called Washington. Last September, the Bishop of Raleigh erected a Catholic school for the colored children of the town in which there was not a colored Catholic. Several Sundays ago, 125 children of the school, all of them non-Catholic, sang the golden jubilee Mass of Father Mark Moeslein, a priest of the Passionist Order. The altar boys were catechumens. Though the church was packed there were only three Catholic laymen in the congregation. It was a service unique in this country.

The pastor at Washington is seventy-five years old. For years he conducted missions and spoke to tens of thousands. About a year ago he returned to Saint Michael's Monastery, Union City, N. J., to rest.

His superiors felt that Father Mark had done his part and that younger men should take up the burdens of the day. Suddenly an appeal came to the Provincial of the Passionist Order from Bishop Hafey. The latter wanted a Passionist Father to take care of the non-Catholic flock in the North Carolina town. This priest was to be pastor, but, principally, convert-maker. Father Mark at the age of seventy-four years volunteered. Thus it was that this good Passionist priest celebrated his golden jubilee, not in a great city church surrounded by members of his own Order and a large number of Catholic laymen, but in a country church with his best well-wishers the members of his non-Catholic congregation whom he is trying to lead into the one true Fold.

I thought on my front porch of many other incidents of sacrifice by our priests, Sisters, Brothers, and even by our Catholic laymen.

Only this morning there was a Bishop from the Southland in my office who laughed and chuckled as he told me of some of his hardships. That Bishop has gone hungry and sleepless many times but he is the most irrepressible optimist I have ever seen. His life is an antidote to discouragement. Only this morning, also, I had in my office a priest, a member of a Religious Order whose instinct for picking up valuable real-state properties and whose ability to erect fine buildings would net him a fortune if he were a man of the world. He is not; he is a man of God, storing up treasures for himself and others in Heaven but receiving for his services not a mite of this world's treasures.

Here, then, is the thought which I had left as the result of my front-porch reminiscences. I, the resident of one of the hundred of thousands of cities and towns in this world have come in personal contact with hundreds of incidents which tell me of the glory, the zeal, the humility, the self-sacrifice, the nobility of our priests, Sisters, Brothers and laymen. If I have come across, only casually, so many inspiring, edifying incidents, how many millions of such incidents are taking place in all parts of the world?

Recently a priest in the South apostatized, the same apostate to whom I have referred above. My Catholic editorial telephone rang many times during the course of the day on which the news of his apostacy was published. My callers could not believe that such a thing could be and they begged me to deny it. I could not deny it, but I could point out to them that the fact the paper had published the apostacy as news and the added fact that they, my callers, could not believe such a thing could be, was convincing proof that we have a priesthood whose standards are so far above the things of earth that we find it difficult to believe that even one priest can desert them. But then a Judas deserted Jesus and betrayed him.

If you are inclined to become a cynical, critical Catholic, too easily disturbed and too eager to condemn, remember the countless deeds of priestly zeal, of brotherly and sisterly self-sacrifice of which the world can never know. Are such deeds blooming in desert places? Is their fragrance being wasted on the desert air?

They are seen in all their beauty by God in Heaven. Their fragrance reaches the Eternal Throne.

Sociology

On Throwing Mud

JOHN WILTBYE

BILL NYE once remarked that he wished he had as many dollars as he had been called hard names.

This gentle, wise and humorous philosopher did not escape the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. The victim of a fatal but slow-consuming disease, he kept faith to the end with his lecture audiences, and for his reward was denounced as a drunkard.

The lie gained credence, too—and that in spite of the man's life. "I positively refuse to fill a drunkard's grave," he would declare, when urged to show himself "a good fellow." "If drunkards want their graves filled they will have to do it themselves." He was no teetotaler, of course. His wit was not nourished entirely on branch water. But much less was he a busybody, spending so much time in forcing his brand of virtue on an inoffensive public that he had no time to become virtuous himself. He paid his fellows the delicate compliment (very much like Christian charity, I think) of deeming them so much better than himself that they did not need his pious exhortations.

He was just a temperate man, I should judge, with a glass for a friend, and another for himself. Inviting James Whitcomb Riley to visit him, he promised, in ad-

dition, a plug of Star tobacco, an easy chair on the veranda, "and 6 miles of river to spit in."

I heartily wish we had somebody in this country today as wise, as temperate and as kindly as Bill Nye, to open the windows and let in some fresh air. It is muggy enough now, but the outlook is for more mugginess before we go to the polls next November.

In this matter of mud-throwing I can qualify as an expert; on the receiving end. Abhorring this great national experiment in moral training which is called Prohibition, I have expressed my opinion at sundry times. From both the moral and the constitutional angles, I consider Prohibition a deplorable error. I fail to see how temperate use can be taught by forbidding all use. I am unable to understand how we can stimulate the power of local self-government (which, unless we are content to reduce the sovereign States to mere geographical divisions, we sorely need) when we vest the Federal Government with the duty of harassing the citizen who pleases to indulge in a personal habit that is wholly innocent. Irrespective of constitutional grants and inhibitions, it seems to me that this petty legislation always indicates the existence of weakness in a government, and fosters it.

I see nothing in these views, however, to indicate that I am myself a confirmed drunkard who stagger home only to beat my wife. There is nothing in them, I am confident, which allows the inference that I wish a saloon on every corner, and in every saloon a gaming house and a corps of *filles de joie*.

As a matter of plain fact—if the matter can possibly interest anybody—the sole of my foot has ever been a stranger to the brass rail. My arm never grew tired from crooking my elbow to signify that I desired another of the same. No philosophic barman was my refuge in such woes as from time to time have afflicted me. The good lady in Chicago who dared me to expose my humble luggage to the Prohibition officials on my occasional wanderings, may rest in peace. She will find a fellow in the kindly genius who advised me to retire to some Neolithic cave and gnaw bones with that other survival of the pre-dawn man, Monsignor Belford of Brooklyn.

Some pages of my scribblings are supposed to have brought me an endowment from the brewers. Because of others, the distillers, it is said, stand guard against the wolf at my door. Yet not one drop of soothing beer has ever cooled my parched gullet the more gratefully because it was the gift of a brewer. No distiller has yet placed a case of bottles, caging the vipers that sting and the adders that hiss, within the shadow of my Lares and Penates. Nor would I thank either for the gift, except so far as to save my manners. I do not use their wares, not because I am virtuous, but simply because I do not like them. Yet with many "wets," I hold that my anesthesia imposes on me no duty of taking these potables away from men who do like them. Indeed, it seems to me a very Christian thing to bury one's beard in a tankard of ale, especially at Christmas time and on the greater feasts. I often wish I could do that. I should be a better citizen, I think, if I could quaff a bowl of bishop.

I break into a silvery laugh when I think how immoral

I am by brevet of the drys. But like Mr. Toots, I am a person of no consequence. Persons of standing may have reason to resent this mud-slinging. It is not good for the community either, or for the slingers.

An example in point is afforded by that outburst engineered some weeks ago by Mr. William Allen White against one of the Presidential candidates. Personally or by proxy, Mr. White spent some time in examining the old records of the New York State Assembly. His researches ended, he announced that the present Governor of New York, during his career as member of the Assembly, had fought hard to protect the lawless saloon, gambling, and prostitution. The Governor treated these outrageous accusations with the contempt they merit. But when Mr. Walter Lippmann, of the *New York World*, expostulated, Mr. White withdrew the charges involving prostitution and gambling. All he meant to say, he explained, was that the Governor had never been a Prohibitionist.

There is something amusing about this sudden change of front. But it is not at all amusing to note that at least some of the newspapers which carried Mr. White's indictment in bellowing headlines published his retraction in type that barely whispered.

I am sorry to say that Mr. White has given us the best example of mud-throwing we have had since the Senate adjourned. Yet something of the sort seems inevitable in every Prohibition campaign. Whoever will not fall down to adore the Volsteadian legislation is a man of low moral standards. He pines for the return of the lawless saloon. He is the protector of gamblers, and, if the truth were known, is in partnership with white slavers and the other fell beings that swarm from morbid and mephitic imaginations.

Are we to have more of this degrading stuff in the present campaign? In a letter published in the *New York Times* for August 5, the Rev. John P. Eastman, of Avon, N. Y., pleads for "a little more decency." The recent Southern "dry" convention, led by Bishop Cannon and his fellow-bishops of the Methodist Church characterized Governor Smith, he observes, as "conscienceless, faithless, insolent, and immoral." Possibly due to his bad example, but, more probably, to the looseness which so many Prohibitionists customarily allow themselves, a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in a recent address referred to the Governor as "that rascal." "The Voice," a Methodist organ of prohibition and public morals, by insinuation accuses him of being a beer guzzler himself as well as desiring to make everybody else one." Along with these grave violations of the moral law, religious bigotry is sure to go. Mr. Eastman writes that because he has expressed some approval of a candidate who happens to be a Catholic, he has been told that he is "a disgrace to the ministry," while another gentle Prohibitionist remarked that he "ought to be tarred and feathered."

This great moral experiment has bred no singular degree of Christian charity in the hearts of its devotees. But, even if charity must be shelved for Prohibition, can we not have, in Mr. Eastman's words, "more decency"?

Education

Secularizing the High-School Boy

M. WILLIAMSEN

IN a preceding paper I tried to present for the consideration of Catholic parents some of the dangers to which they subject their children when they entrust them to the secular school. I pointed out what I think all who know our high schools must have noted, that history is often used as a text against the teachings and practice of the Catholic Church. But harmful as is the stressing of Protestant myths to the exclusion of Catholic facts, this phase of the matter is neither new nor the strongest point of attack.

Under the pretext of current history every publicity hound who has himself headlined because he writes a book to show that the Gospels are spurious, Christ was not God, Mary not a virgin, and Transubstantiation a medieval myth, comes in for regular classroom discussion from a certain type of teacher who enjoys talking about and impressing upon his students his own knowledge of anything that savors of modernity. That these clergymen, so-called, offer no proof of their assertions beyond their own say-so, or at best trumped-up argument, only stimulates the interest of the discussion. Brave and original men who dare fly in the face of order and convention are admired, particularly if their attacks be on religion. These men are the Martin Luthers of the twentieth century.

English is another field in which the propagandists expend their efforts. The selection of textbooks for outside reading is entirely in the hands of a school-board committee at best indifferent to, and at worst prejudiced, against Catholicism. To use a personal illustration again, Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" has been required for outside reading for a number of years in the junior English survey course. In the text which was used for classroom reading was a short excerpt from Newman's "Idea of a University" which did not require more than two or three minutes to read. This selection was always passed over, however, though there is no question of its place in English literature, or the probable beneficial results on the style of the pupils who were supposedly studying English literature. "Westward Ho!" is very obviously nothing more than Broad-church propaganda, though the author did go back to Elizabeth's reign to cover his tracks and to appeal to the prejudices of the English nation.

Science is the third big field. Here again, probably by design, the teachers range in color from Christians in name to avowed atheists. The instructor who dismisses the entire Bible with a sneer, is a common specimen. He does not stop here, but goes on to give his own ideas of the world, which naturally follow along materialistic lines. He thinks nothing at all of declaring that the world came into existence by some process of self-creation, though as to just how that came about, he is strangely silent. To him man and animals are all brutes, each struggling to outwit the other. He is apparently ignorant

that in the thirteenth century St. Thomas Aquinas, in declaring that it mattered not whether God created the world by one act or several acts widely separated, settled the question for Catholics long before the theory was ever propounded by Darwin to harass the minds of Fundamentalists.

These charges naturally raise the question "Why do not Catholic students defend themselves and the Church against these attacks?" The answer is simple. No high-school student is in a position to take up a successful defense. The average pupil has neither the power nor the will to think for himself. He is willing, nay only too glad, to take any statement on the dictum of a teacher who possesses even the least degree of personality, for he has arrived at the hero-worshipping age. The new world knowledge opened up blinds him to everything but the immediate present. The four years of preparatory work are four years of absorption. During this time the student feeds himself on all the facts within reach, caring or thinking little of doing creative or original work. He does not reach that period of his life for some years to come.

The unusual student, who actually thinks for himself or attempts to do so, is a rather rare occurrence in a high school. He, however, is in no better position and, like his classmates, suffers from the same excusable ignorance of the new world into which he has been suddenly thrust headlong. He cannot think clearly or defend himself if he would, for the confusion is too great, and the odds entirely in favor of the anti-Catholic side. Catholic periodicals do not find their way to public-school bookracks, though much devoted to modern religious discussion is admitted without question. For a time this type of student wages an active battle against the despoilers of his Faith. But as the months progress, he becomes hopelessly distracted by the conflicting currents of thought which run through his mind. His active defense develops into passive resistance, and from then on it is only a short time before he lapses into the same mental lethargy as his less mature classmates. He accepts, perhaps with a bit more avidity, the misinformation as he becomes more imbued with it. Like the others he starts upon a four-year process of saturation which leaves him logged with modernistic and materialistic ideals. By this time, when some of the other students begin to discover that their brains are usable, he is ready for anything. A college career in a secular institution, or a business career during which he will come more closely in contact with the materialism of the day, finds him ready to accept anything, from companionate marriage to personal irresponsibility for his acts. He glorifies in his broadmindedness and vaunts his progressive spirit. His obvious shortcomings, he never realizes. He will never amend, since he is sure that there is nothing which calls for amendment.

Obviously, he and his fellows are in no true sense "educated." They have merely been subjected to a process during which they have lost much that is worthwhile for time and for eternity and have acquired much that is actively evil. Only a miracle of grace can break the mold of secularism that binds them.

With Scrip and Staff

ASSOCIATION with earthquakes, some hold, should be shunned. They may begin by being bashful, but as they gain confidence they take liberties. Yet some bold spirits enjoy living intimately with quakes, and speak kindly of them. For some reason that I have not yet ascertained, the earthquake and the Jesuit are congenial, and so diligent are the Blackrobes in recording the earth's tremors, that it is only a matter of time when some of our campaign orators will infer that the Jesuits produce them.

The convention of the Jesuit Seismological Association, which was held at Santa Clara University from August 5 to 12, took up the latest problems in perfecting the technical equipment of seismological work, and in coordinating the activities of the stations controlled by the Association. The Jesuit seismological observatories of Santa Clara, Fordham, New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis, Georgetown, and Cleveland were represented in the gathering, which was presided over by Father Macelwane, who is also president of the American Seismological Association. The scientists were rewarded by an actual live quake at 10:25 p.m., on August 9, lasting a minute and a half.

AVISIT to a seismograph is always a rather solemn proceeding, for not only does it live far down in the ground, preferably at the bottom of a spiral staircase, but the poor thing is afflicted by a sort of painful self-consciousness, which makes it squirm and wiggle if you so much as mention its name. This, they explain to you, is precisely the instrument's merit, because if you only watch all its wiggles with sufficient intelligence, you can tell the two interesting news items about an earthquake: where all the trouble is originating, and how big a quake it is.

For this reason the Catholic periodical is a good deal like a seismograph. Of course if it stays down underground it will get nowhere, for nobody is going to climb down a staircase to dig out its meaning. But if it can get out in the sun and be read and readable by mankind, it will record for an intelligent man the two great lines of knowledge that we look for concerning the world's movements: not the movements of rocks and faults and ocean floors, but the movements of human minds, passions and wills. It will record, in a word, not only what is happening, but what is the source, the origin of what is happening, and what degree of importance, of intensity, may be allowed to the world's happenings. For instance, an affair like the Golden Jubilee, to be celebrated at Santa Clara on August 19, of Father Henry Woods, S.J., will start the needle rocking quite benignly, since Father Woods was one of the pioneer Staff of AMERICA. His incisive analyses of social problems are known to all as well as his special studies of the Anglican position, concerning which, as a convert to the Catholic Faith, and the son of an Anglican divine, he felt a special interest.

ONE of our readers has found out a method by which a poor man may keep himself informed upon the

world's movements and happenings. Inquiries had been made by the publishing office, as is the way of publishing offices, as to whether he had received sundry sample copies that had been sent to him. He replies as follows (from Ireland), showing, alas, that his family's desire for information had been conflicting with his own:

I received your note dated May 22, saying you had sent me AMERICA, Catholic Mind and Thought. I only got the last named. I suspect some member of my family must have abstracted the other two.

Again I received AMERICA of May 26, for both of which publications I sincerely thank you.

But thanks are a cold substitute for one's daily bread, and I'd want to explain myself a little further.

I am in my seventieth year: the nominal owner of a small farm of land. I have a wife who handles any money that is made of the produce; and who is the possessor of an elastic conscience, that can expand and contract according as occasion calls for.

As my money is next to nil, when I see an advt. on a newspaper, I post the advt. offering the free sample. Thereby I have received an immense amount of knowledge that under other circumstances would not be available.

If fortune smiles on me at some future time, I hope to contribute to some of your publications.

I remain, etc. . . .

Since the "elastic conscience" is stretched to appropriate the good, rather than any evil, I think we can beg indulgence for the wife and family. Incidentally, we note that it is often and often again those souls that live in the lonely places and on the hard grounds that appreciate many a bit of literature and information that most of us cast aside almost untouched.

WATCHING the gyrations of the little pocket seismograph that I keep hung on the wall right under the canary bird's cage and the map of Staten Island, I notice some movements which seem to have originated in the right quarters. They show signs, too, of increasing intensity in the future.

Over in Brooklyn, N. Y., a number of Catholic laymen made the following observation:

Throughout the Catholic world is being manifested an awakening perception of the splendor of things spiritual. But though we feel the imminence of this spiritual awakening, we look in vain for any outward manifestation of it among the generality of men in our parish churches. Broadly speaking, our men in church look hurried, or apathetic, or sheepish, or self-conscious, or bored. Watch them genuflect, or cross themselves; note their preference for the rear seats, their usually inaudible responses, their hurry to get out. Notice, too, that the very large number of men who wear their hats in the porch of the church. And how often do you see a man following the Mass with a missal?

So have you, too, made this observation, and all of us: we have beheld the sharp-shooting attitude and the Last-Gospel stampede. As one of the many attempts to meet the situation, these men formed a laymen's society entitled, using the words of St. Paul, Approved Workmen, so as "to impress upon their members the seriousness of life, and, as a corollary, the value of their souls."

Their program has two distinctive features:

1. Laymen should instruct one another in their duties, in such lore of the Church and in such practices as will develop them spiritually.

2. In the training they impart, one to another, they shall

emphasize, among other things, the beauty of the Church, of her ritual, of the Holy Mass, as well of her history and past.

The plan is not to overlap or encroach on any existing organizations, but to work, in complementary fashion to the work of laymen's retreats, so as to strengthen inwardly and deepen the spiritual life of its members irrespective of their other affiliations. Information as to their plans can be obtained from Mr. Charles E. Matthews, 2776 East Twenty-seventh Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WITH an aim very similar to that of the Approved Workmen, a group of nine colored Catholic professional men gathered together at St. Anthony's Mission House, Tenafly, N. J., for a three days enclosed retreat from August 3 to August 6 of this year. The use of the St. Joseph's Seminary building, adjoining the Mission House, was hospitably granted to them by Father Ignatius Lissner, Superior of the Fathers of the African Mission, of Lyons in France, and by Father Peter Hess, the Superior of the Mission House.

In planning for the retreat, the men were impelled not only by the desire to enjoy the advantages of the Retreat Movement, so well known among their white brethren, but also by the belief that they would benefit by mutual companionship, and the discussion of their common problems, and that they could lay the foundation of some ways and means for deepening and solidifying their spiritual life and exerting a greater influence for the good among people of their own race. Of the retreatants, two were business managers of well-known publications, one a physician, one an electrical engineer, two were real-estate brokers, one a prominent educator, and the remaining two business men. Many more expressed their desire to share in the movement as soon as opportunity offered.

As far as is known, it is the first time in this country that a group of colored Catholic layment ever made an enclosed retreat. The retreat was conducted by the Rev. John LaFarge, S.J., of AMERICA, who bore witness to the exceptional fervor of the men, and their keen appreciation of their new experience.

EVER since July 5 there have been certain peculiar curves on the pocket seismograph record, which I understand are due to the Vacation School of the New York Archdiocesan Council of Women, which opened on that day with 260 children, boys and girls. The subjects are music, Christian Doctrine, literature, gymnasium, handiwork, etc. It is conducted by two Sisters, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. Mrs. Nora Cotter Brosnan, the President of the Council, and her assistants have worked hard to make the school a success.

The Seventy-second Annual Convention of the Catholic Central Verein of America, which occurs at St. Cloud, Minn., August 24 to 29, will set the needle quivering still more. Few organizations allow themselves to be distracted from the consideration, study and practical solution of practical problems less than the Central Verein.

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

The Drive Is On

MARY E. MCGILL

THE proclamation, "This Is an Advertising Age," which Mary H. Kennedy issues in AMERICA, July 14, is interesting, even exhilarating, though one may disagree amicably with some points she brings out to prove her thesis.

In the first place, I think she is in too big a hurry. Catholic literature cannot be "put over" under high pressure salesmanship; its promotion will be under the dignified methods pursued by first-class investment houses. It will not fly by night. When a Catholic literature in America is established it will create a vital literary culture which will endure.

There is reference made in Miss Kennedy's article, with a degree of aristocratic disgust, to a certain "treated" vegetable which she tells us is soon to be extensively advertised under a million-dollar campaign. This expenditure is not notably large when associated with a commercial enterprise. In addition, the most productive advertising of this useful commodity is already under way. Our doctors are altruistically engaged in getting sensitive appetites to accept the odorous, saline sauerkraut, physicians having come to recognize its value to the human system.

There are magazines and books (we shall not classify such as literature) that rank equally with sauerkraut in mental olfactory pungency. Unlike the obnoxious, though harmless, sulphur quality possessed by the cabbage, these books and magazines create in the minds of their readers a fire which we customarily associate with the lower regions. They inflame the senses, sear the imagination and scar the soul.

Because of youth's high tide, we know the young are easily led by lurid pictures and suggestive titles to read sensational stories and articles. Sex features allure. This is not surprising when one considers that every normal adolescent has a surging rush of emotion to control, has new-born impulses to understand, inviting fields to cross, which are, or appear to be, carpeted with romance and flowered with love. It is to these fresh hearts teeming with dreams that unscrupulous writers and "cheap" publishers appeal. Such fill their money bags with profits gained from recognition of the commercial fact that it does pay to advertise, and further, that "this is an advertising age."

Catholic literature can never compete with a certain class of objectionable writings nor can it use the methods of propaganda resorted to by mercenary publishers. Catholic writers have not the spice to offer that some readers seek. The day they begin to sprinkle aromatics dangerously to entice the senses, that same day they will cease to be recognized Catholic writers. Catholic publishers would not dare to promote sales by hints that salaciousness lies hidden under stories that are true to life. The day they undertake such advertising, they will cease to be Catholic publishers of good standing.

This does not mean that Catholic writers may not use every legitimate means to attract the eye and excite normal, decent curiosity. They not only may but should have recourse to up-to-date methods so long as these methods do not infringe upon Catholic faith and Catholic morals. And it should pass without argument that Catholic publishers do well when they give close attention to such externals as attractive binding, proper printing, and to current, legitimate advertising media.

Though I possess two Bibles—an old, old one, weighted with records of births, marriages and deaths; and a comparatively new one which is convenient to hold while reading—neither is in my office. Consequently, I cannot quote, but somewhere in the holy pages I recall there is a rebuke administered to the servant who hid his talent. Catholic writers and Catholic publishers may merit such rebuke by not being sufficiently aggressive. Then too, if a publisher is financially successful, he is in a position to compensate authors whose works he publishes in a way that will stimulate Catholic writers to renewed endeavor. If we are to have a substantial Catholic literature we must pay a living wage *plus*, to our literarily gifted, that they may not be tempted to divert their talents, or worse, "sell out."

As to the Catholic-book-a-month club idea, about which Miss Kennedy entertains fear for its success, there is no doubt in my mind but that it will succeed. The men promoting the Catholic Book Club, Inc., with headquarters in New York, (and let us not forget the one woman on the board, our beloved Kathleen Norris), are successful writers and publishers. They will not be derelict in placing a "go-getter of an advertising man or woman on their staff." As a practical optimist, I do not hesitate to express a belief that the Catholic Book Club will attain the success it merits.

Miss Kennedy also complains that Americans do not think, and because they do not think we have a reading age. Reading serves many purposes other than creating human encyclopedias. A good book will wash from the reader's eye the lachrymal of self-pity with tears of tenderness as sympathy for another wells in the human heart. An inspiring page will incite to high endeavor. A humorous sheet will joyfully buoy the spirit; while a literary masterpiece, whether it be a poem, story or essay, hoists the attentive reader mentally and spiritually. If the masses do not think (I believe they do, though perhaps not to their full capacity), it is all the more important that there be delivered to them a *sound* literature, pre-digested as it were, for their brain food. Whether they desire it or not, their mental pores will absorb a minimum of what the pages present. When one gets down to examine the brass tacks which hold together all human endeavor—literary or otherwise—it is perceived that fine words, brilliant thoughts, stupendous achievements, are indeed, atomical concepts in comparison with one determined movement of the will towards God in acceptance of His plans. Perhaps some of us think too much—*unwisely!* At such times folks read to get away from their own acute thoughts, which burn at white heat!

Catholics are woefully unaware of their own riches. Miss

Kennedy's point is well taken when she says: "The main reason, however, why the majority of Catholics do not read Catholic literature is the fact, I think, that they do not know it exists." It is true that a large portion of Catholics in America today know nothing of our most brilliant lights, such as Chesterton and Belloc, for instance, whom the English and all reading Europeans for that matter, are obliged to accept in spite of their pronounced Catholicism. And many of our native Catholic writers, of whom we may well be proud, are unknown. But the result of the work of our Catholic American writers proves the justification of the profession in which they engage. No one should write without honest purpose. The printed word burns into a man's memory. At an unsuspected moment it may stand out in the brain, strongly incandescent. To write insincerely, though brilliantly; to cater to humanity's evil tendencies and to play upon human weaknesses; to move hearts viciously; to fire imaginations falsely—all prostitute one of the most exalted gifts God graciously presents to certain of His creatures.

We do need in our Catholic literary promotion a certain percentage of light, clever writing. Mystery stories are most acceptable to the quickly moving, surface-touching American mode of thought progression. There is no reason why an author may not mingle intrigue, love, murder and all human ingredients in a delectable way if the Catholic ideal controls, though such a book need not hit the reader in his face with its Catholicism. The pivotal point is that its ideal be true, and that even when crime, sex delinquencies and the like are mentioned as products of human passion or human weakness, there be no seductive presentation which would make vice attractive. That vice is legalized and clothed as the natural sequence of life explains the secret hold that many popular books have gained in the hearts of pleasure seekers, who want their fling, irrespective of high-price forfeits.

Admitted: *This is an advertising age.* There is an anomaly I want to suggest. There is one way of advertising without cost. All we have to do is to encourage our gifted ones. The best practical encouragement is to pass the good word along that a certain magazine or book, a particular writer, are quite *the thing*. Raise your eyebrows the merest trifle (not superciliously, that would kill the end desired), in patient surprise, as it were, that your friend does not know these writers and publishers. With a delicate degree of implied flattery let your amazement peep out—not pop up—that one so intelligent and appreciative is not a regular reader of so-and-so. It will do little good to try this system on one, or even two or three. Numbers are needed. And it is necessary to persist in the introductory process. If we are to put over this advertising without cost, it is necessary first to sell ourselves. Having done this, selling others will become a hobby. It is superfluous to add that it would be fatal to become pests while pursuing our hobby.

Even in this highly commercialized day there are small businesses which prosper by the good will of their patrons alone, and from whom paid advertising never proceeds. These patrons are ardent in their praises of fair treat-

ment, good workmanship and friendly interest. If those of us who are fortunate enough to know that we have able Catholic writers, the equal of any outside the Church, will do our utmost, it will not be many years until the subservient Catholics will lose their cringing proclivities and realize that in the Catholic heart and mind are deep wells fed by eternal springs, from which are drawn the very finest and most comforting lines that a Catholic may hope to read. When this appreciation comes about—it will not be accomplished overnight, because literary appreciation flows from knowledge, and knowledge is not obtained in one big gulp—it will be easy for Catholics to sell their books under appealing covers, which cloak humor, pathos, love, happiness and tragedy, and express true philosophy and sing age-old truths in new harmonies.

This mode of advertising after the manner of tradition, should of course be supplemented by publicity efforts which will snap into Catholic ears in a way that will meet their acoustic approval. The world is accustomed to pugilistic business methods. There is nothing to prevent Catholics excelling in this way. It has been one long moral battle for Catholics to exist since the Church was founded; consequently, we are natural fighters for right. There is no reason why we may not have a Catholic literature to which we may well point with commendable pride, and there is every reason why we should. Catholic souls are at stake. In times of danger the Church has never failed to provide a remedy.

We are headed for a Catholic renaissance in literature. But worth-while things are usually accomplished by a steady stride, while precipitate steps often defeat the end sought. Our Catholic literary leaders are magnificently endowed mentally but they have something even finer. I refer to an imperishable brilliance which fires them with a zeal for the upbuilding of a literature which will keep well within the Catholic ideal and at the same time be pure in diction, correct in style, and contain the best thought of the age.

REVIEWS

Empire to Commonwealth. By WALTER PHELPS HALL. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$4.50.

By a kind of natural process, there has developed according to no foreseen laws and with no planning save that of immediate exigency, a system of government that has never had a counterpart in past history and that is unique in the world today. From the time that it first laid claims to Ireland and to choice areas in France, through the days of discovery beginning in the sixteenth century, the little group of people inhabiting England has proceeded to get a firm grasp on the lands of the two worlds. First came colonization, and then dominion and empire. But scarcely had an imperial overlordship been established before a modified democracy was introduced. A survey of this world-encircling empire, or brotherhood of nations, as it has developed during the past thirty years, is the subject of this very scholarly and very comprehensive and most interestingly written volume. The history takes the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria as its starting point, for about that time a new leaven was working in the component lands under the British crown. Its principal concern is that of showing the forces within the Commonwealth that have made for a closer union and a firmer cohesion. The internal problems of the mother country and of her children and servants are noted, but merely in relation to their external

aspects. In succession, Professor Hall treats of the South African Union, from before the Boer War and since, of the establishment of the Australian Commonwealth, of the welding together of the Canadian Dominion, and concludes this part of his study with a survey of Britain and her possessions at the time of the Great War. The later developments in the aforementioned countries are coordinated with specific examinations of the Irish problem, that of India, of Egypt, of the Dependencies, Protectorates, etc. Professor Hall is a scientific appraiser and a just judge. He lists all the elements in the disputes between the British and the allied Governments, and the many sides of the domestic disputes. He speaks as favorably of Great Britain as in other portions he condemns her utterly. His story is fascinating, due not a little to the style in which it is told.

F. X. T.

Maine of the Sea and Pines. By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE and IRWIN L. GORDON. Boston: L. C. Page and Company. \$6.00.

History of Delaware. By WALTER A. POWELL. Boston: The Christopher Publishing House. \$3.50.

The scenic grandeur of our country may well be the source of refreshing satisfaction and legitimate pride. Every State has its own degree of natural attractions and fascinating legends. Maine with its long stretch of rugged sea-coast and its dense pine forests makes a strong bid for the affections of the lover of the outdoors. Numerous lakes with swift-flowing rivers leading down to the sea, and the spell of primitive wilderness hanging over all, cause this north-Atlantic commonwealth to be regarded with esteem by the sportsman. Nathan H. Dole and Irvin L. Gordon have contributed a very delightful volume to the "See America First" series. The history of the State, the romantic story of the Indian and the Colonial traditions are neatly interwoven with the descriptions of interesting localities. Profuse illustrations and an artistic cover add charm to the text. Walter A. Powell provides an interesting and comprehensive history for the small but important commonwealth of Delaware. The first colonists lived in an atmosphere of bloodshed and strife, but the destiny of the settlement began to shape itself, and it has a proud record of achievement in the making of our nation. This volume chronicles the social, political and intellectual activities of Delaware's citizenry from the times of the Swedish, Dutch and English settlers down to the present day. Phases of Revolutionary and Civil War history are given a more definite setting. Great characters seem to become more intimate and congenial as they move about in the surroundings of their native State. The illustrations, which abound, are well chosen.

E. P. M.

Rufus Choate, the Wizard of the Law. By CLAUDE M. FUSS. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. \$3.50.

Here is a biography that is certainly not written in the modern tradition. The author, on the contrary, has fallen into the opposite and equally undesirable extreme. He does not debunk the national heroes; he is more inclined to play Parson Weems. Contrary to the axiom which demands that biographers should be primarily scientists in their consideration of the facts with which they deal and secondarily artists in the manner in which they treat these facts, Mr. Fuess has transferred the emphasis and written a rather uninteresting and uninspired life of a somewhat picturesque figure of northeastern American history. It is true that at times the author sounds the note of apology and regret, but the dominant tone is more like a hymn of praise. "It is, after all," Mr. Fuess concludes, "something to have been a useful and patriotic statesman, an inspiring orator, and perhaps the greatest of American advocates. A unique and romantic phenomenon in our history, he emerged inexplicably from prosaic surroundings, wielded for a brief space the magician's wand, and then vanished, as if some meteor had flashed across the heavens, leaving a marvelous after-glow." It is rather difficult to understand why a biographer should be interested overmuch in the afterglow. The flash of the meteor,

it studied more carefully, might have interpreted for us its real meaning and importance. Certainly neither his career in the House of Representatives nor his service in the Senate added much brilliance to the name of Choate. Wizard, he may have been, in his interpretation of the law for the defense of particular cases, yet judicial law-making is only slightly indebted to him. Of course one need not accept the estimates of Rufus Choate which are often quoted from Wendell Phillips, Eben F. Stone or Sidney Bartlett; yet even criticisms with political coloration might find mention, at least, if not refutation in a well-balanced biography. Mr. Fuess has given to Choate no other significance than that of a highly talented pleader in his own field.

P. M. Jr.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Thought" for September.—"The Conversion of the Norse" tells of the introduction of Catholicism into Norway, Iceland, Greenland and the Orkneys, though Norway holds the attention of the reader through most of the article by the Rev. Henry Harrington in the September issue of *Thought*. Robert Sencourt, well-known European journalist, discusses the very vital question: "Can Europe's States Unite?" His study of the European situation is from direct observation and his conclusions are definite and constructive. A page torn from the family archives—St. Petersburg; Siberia and its horrible prisons and deadening solitude; the bravery of a woman who held to her marriage vow "for better or for worse"; the undying loyalty of a man who after twenty-nine years' exile inflicted by the Tsar cried when the Tsar died and who, at sixty-four, would volunteer for the Crimean War. Prince Serge Wolkonsky, grandson of the characters about whom the article centers, tells the story of "The Decembrists, the First Russian Revolutionists." Timothy Corcoran, S.J., one of the best-known Catholic educationalists, contributes an informative article on the "Function of Religious Knowledge in Catholic Education." His paper is a plea for international Catholic action in the applied science of education. "China: Her Resources and Wealth—II" is a second article from Paul J. Mallmann, B.A., Sc.D. Dr. Mallmann's extensive work throughout the Near and Far East for the governments of Russia and China enables him to speak with unusual authority. These two articles are a summary of his unpublished report made for and to the Chinese Government in 1920. The problem of the mentally unfit and of their offspring is one that is insistently thrust upon us these days, either by actual cases we meet or in the heated discussions of social workers and reformers. One remedy has been suggested and it is weighed and found immoral by the Professor of Moral Theology at St. Edmund's College, Ware, England, the Rev. E. J. Mahony, D.D., in "The Morality of Sterilization." In the "Admirers of Eugénie de Guérin," Eleanor Custis Shallcross has gathered the opinions of many critics and woven them all into a mosaic. Those who have learned to love the gentle journalist of Le Cayla will find much that will please them here. This latest issue of *Thought* maintains its high level of scholarship.

Aspects of Belief.—Augmenting the Calvert Series edited by Hilaire Belloc, the Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P., and the Rev. John A. Ryan have published respectively, "The Catholic Church and the Bible" (Macmillan. \$1.00) and "The Catholic Church and the Citizen" (Macmillan. \$1.00), both maintaining the standard set for the earlier volumes of this popular and practical series. Dr. Ryan's book has special timeliness, though a number of technical points in his discussion might profitably have been omitted. Pure theological speculation, while it may have interest for the laity, is more apt to confuse than clarify their ideas. Father Pope's treatment of the relation of the Church to the Bible presents an interesting and important problem clearly, simply and forcefully. Perhaps it will make its best appeal because he so emphatically justifies the Catholic position of the need of an authoritative interpreter of Holy Writ, and because the inquiring

layman will find easily understood answers to perplexing queries such as are often put to him by non-Catholic inquirers. Thus Father Pope dispels the not uncommon impressions that before the Reformation Catholics were ignorant of the Bible, that the Church has discouraged the reading of the Bible, that it justifies its inspirational value by a "vicious circle," that Luther is to be considered the popularizer of Scripture in modern times, etc.

"The Nature of Deity" (American Branch: Oxford University Press. \$3.50), is J. E. Turner's companion volume to his "Personality and Reality." Having demonstrated in the latter the existence of a personal Deity, the sequel is concerned with the Divine attributes and operations. Projected as an appeal to the scientific rationalist, the author assumes the current evolutionary theories as the basis of his proofs. His study thus becomes a modern presentation of an old subject. It includes a discussion of such familiar problems as omnipotence and omniscience, and of the place of evil and suffering in the universal scheme. Some of Dr. Turner's arguments are both novel and intriguing. Many of his proofs and conclusions, however, to say nothing of his assumptions, fail of conviction when tested in the light of the principles defended in Catholic theology or scholastic philosophy.

International Problems.—The "Survey of International Affairs, 1925. Volume 2" (American Branch: Oxford University Press), published under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, and compiled by C. A. Macartney and others, complements Professor Toynbee's record of the affairs of the Islamic World since the Peace Settlement, which made up the content of the first volume. The work is an excellent reference book of world affairs during 1925, especially in their international aspects as studied by the various committees and commissions functioning in Geneva. The activities and accomplishments of the League of Nations in the matter of international economics and social cooperation are summarized, following a general survey of the negotiations attendant upon the Treaty of Locarno and resultant treaties on the question of disarmaments. A survey of problems relating to Europe, the Far East, and America follows. In view of the importance of the Chinese problem which at present confronts the Powers, the section of the Far East is especially timely and useful for the information it contains regarding the status of the Republic and its relations to Japan, Russia, Great Britain and the United States.

Count Max Montgelas, a name not unfamiliar during the War period, and immediately subsequent thereto, when he served as one of the experts who formulated the German reply to the charges of the Allies at Versailles, offers in "British Foreign Policy under Sir Edward Grey" (Knopf. \$2.25), a study of British diplomacy preceding the World War. It is an indictment of British methods and more especially of the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs during the period in question. From documentary proofs and other facts which Montgelas' narrative reveals and which seem to be substantiated by the evidence which he presents, it would appear that Germany had good reason to complain of England's pre-War attitude, and that Lord Grey, far from doing what his position demanded to mitigate Anglo-German antagonism, rather helped to widen the breach threatening between the two countries.

Phillip Dexter and John H. Sedgwick offer in "The War Debts" (Macmillan. \$1.50), an American view of an important problem affecting our international popularity in Europe. The volume professes to draw together and evaluate the arguments for and against the payment of the debts contracted by the Allies during the World War and now due to the United States. The authors' conclusion of their discussion is that cancellation of the debts on the part of our Government is the wisest policy from the point of view of business as well as of friendship and future peace. Many who read the volume will find it hard to agree that they have made out their case, and will be rather inclined to maintain that both in justice and in charity the claims of our Government call at most for some modification in the method of collecting the debts, not for their cancellation.

With Malice Toward None. Hilltop in the Rain. Jan, Son of Finn. The Secret of Mohawk Pond. Quex. Wilderness House.

Once again Honoré Willsie Morrow returns to Lincoln as the subject for her canvas and with a brush tipped with sympathy and enthusiasm she paints out the lines that gave an uncertain impression in her former portrait of the great Liberator. Mrs. Morrow in "With Malice Toward None" (Morrow. \$2.50), pictures Lincoln in full stature, at the height of his career, in the midst of his victories and in the depths of his sorrows. There remain for other writers of fiction the story of the pioneer, the Sangamon storekeeper, the country lawyer of Springfield and the last few weeks of Lincoln's presidency, but the other periods have been treated so satisfactorily by Mrs. Morrow as to exhaust the historical story in fictional guise. Here one meets Mrs. Lincoln and Butler and Grant and Fred Douglass and the man whom Lincoln avoided, Senator Charles Sumner. If one wishes to meet Lincoln himself, Mrs. Morrow has opened the door through which one may enter.

The strongest appeal of "Hilltop in the Rain" (Appleton. \$2.00) undoubtedly will be made to teachers in our American schools who are forced to take part in the farcical side-shows of our present educational system. But the story should bring a wide response also from persons of influence and a demand for the liberation of the slaves of standardization and the victims of an autocratic spirit that is unsuspected by many and understood by very few. James Saxon Childers, with only an occasional touch of humor to relieve the tragic tension of his story, confines himself to facts that take on a milder appearance in fictional guise. This is a stark picture of the grim battle for degrees and grades which the teachers in many of our American schools are forced to wage not so much in order to enjoy fellowship in an honorable profession as to avoid starvation itself.

Adventure fans who relish a good story of dogs receive double value in "Jan, Son of Finn" (Dutton. \$2.50) by A. J. Dawson. Jan, with his master, travels from Sussex to Saskatchewan in search of adventure. He catches a murderer, engages in many fights and helps to make a man of his ne'er-do-well master. The romantic element tells not only of Dick Vaughan's struggle to win Betty Murdoch, but also of the love affairs of Jan's parents, Finn and Lady Desdemona.

With a lonely house in the Connecticut woods for her setting, Natalie Sumner Lincoln weaves a new mystery story whose various episodes intrigue and interest. "The Secret of Mohawk Pond" (Appleton. \$2.00), lies in the explanation of just why Peggy Prescott should be condemned by the strange terms of an eccentric will to live in the deserted out-of-the-way mansion of her recently deceased uncle. While a good deal of the familiar mystery story paraphernalia finds place in the narrative, some of the episodes are not without originality, and the characters, especially Jim Evans, are drawn with clear-cut precision and distinction.

A highly improbable tale is Douglas Jerrold's account of the rise to fame and fortune from a clerkship to a grip on the destinies of the British empire made by an acquisitive nonentity known as "Quex" (Cosmopolitan. \$2.00). The author's talent for excellent prose, if accompanied with a like degree of inventive skill, might have found a more worthy subject than the exposition of Quex's villainy. The numerous characters and the interminable asides are quite sufficient of themselves to wear one's patience thin, even if one were not completely repulsed with the misdeeds of the uncanny financier.

If Foxhall Daingerfield had not dragged out the first half of "Wilderness House" (Appleton. \$2.00), the reading of the story would have been considerably facilitated. The romance and the mystery intermingled in its plot are not without interest, though the fact that everything is told in the person of the crippled Beverley is a bit palling. Neither is it to the advantage of the story that certain conduct of its outstanding characters is apparently justified by the author. No stress of circumstances can make heroes of those who disregard ethical standards. It is natural that Beverley should pity her erring Ruddy; it is dangerous for readers that she should seem to condone his wrong doing.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Nuns of the Battlefield

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Some few months ago, I started making a record of the Catholic soldiers and sailors of the Civil War who were buried in St. Patrick's Cemetery here.

In the last few weeks at this arduous work, it dawned upon me that perhaps a few "nuns of the battlefield" were among the honored dead. I found the lot of the Sisters of Charity of Emmitsburg, Md. (Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul), and copied the dates of death and names of three Sisters who would be of age in the Civil War period. I then wrote to the Adjutant General's Office in Washington. In course of time I received the Civil War records of Sister Martina (Tragesser), Sister Amelia (Hilt) and Sister Francis (Callahan).

The record was brief and to the point, but it showed that the above three Sisters were nurses on the hospital muster rolls of the Satterlee General Hospital in West Philadelphia, Pa., in 1862 and 1863, and also indicated that Sister Francis (Callahan) served her country in the No. 1 General Hospital in Memphis, Tenn., in 1863 and in the Overton General Hospital in the same city, the same year. In the above hospitals, the three Sisters served in nursing wounded, sick, and dying Union and Confederate soldiers and sailors. They volunteered for the love of God and country.

The result was that I had the honor of placing government flags and standards over the graves of the three almost forgotten heroines on July 19, the feast of St. Vincent de Paul. Their graves are only a few feet from the new memorial chapel of St. Brigid in the middle of the cemetery.

Sister Martina Tragesser was born in Baltimore in 1840, and volunteered as an army nurse only a few years after her profession in the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. She died in St. John's Hospital, Lowell, Mass., February 26, 1926, aged 85.

Sister Amelia Hilt was born in Hanover, Pa., in 1834, and died in Lowell, St. John's Hospital, September 9, 1914, at the age of 80.

Sister Francis (or Frances) Callahan was born in Ireland in 1831, and died in St. John's Hospital, Lowell, March 30, 1908, at the age of 77.

Lowell, Mass.

GEORGE F. O'DWYER.

Why Persecution Fails

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Two years ago the Catholic young men of the world pledged their loyalty to Aloysius. Only a few days later a handful of our young men showed the world that even in modern times young lives are joyfully laid down so that Christ may live.

Of that little group, Salvador Vargas stands out as a splendid example of what a religious education can do. Endowed with energy and enthusiasm, he found an outlet for his fiery temperament by a complete dedication to the social work of the Association of Mexican Catholic Young Men. Sunday after Sunday he used to go to the slums to teach catechism and to prepare children for receiving Holy Communion. Later on he joined the League of Catholic Defense, and when the persecution broke out he was a very active worker.

Salvador was a model son. He always considered his mother as his best friend. He was a daily communicant and kept unsullied his purity.

When the pacific efforts of the League failed, he heartily joined the meeting of those who were ready to take arms in defense of our most sacred rights. His was the honor of being the first to step into the city jail on account of his Catholicity. He spent August 29 in jail, and when the people as one man asked for his release, he stepped forth from the jail, smilingly took off his hat,

and with all the enthusiasm of his age he shouted to all of us who were awaiting him: "Long live Christ the King!" From our lips he got a rousing answer.

As time passed, he had presentiments of death. But he did not fear. He calmly prepared his affairs, and as calmly told his mother of the sacrifice that would be demanded of her. The mother rose to the occasion and blessed that son who had always been so tender to her. In spite of danger, Salvador continued his daily Communion. He used to spend long hours before the Blessed Sacrament. . . . Nobody could believe that Salvador's days were drawing to an end. He kept his smile and his enthusiasm.

On January 3, he was caught in the company of José Valencia Gallardo, Nicolas Navarro, and Augustin Rios y Ezequiel Gomez, all of them fellow-workers in the cause of the Church, all of them his friends. Damon Velarde and some others . . . subjected the boys to gruesome treatment. Salvador had his arms broken, Ramon his tongue cut out; but they were firm. Dragged outside the city, they were shot, and above the sound of the firing squad rose for the last time their shout: "Long live Christ the King!"

The next day, when our boys lay on the cold slabs of the city hospital, their mothers came one by one to bid them farewell. Salvador's mother, blinded by tears, knelt at his side, kissed him, and gave thanks to God that her boy had stood firm to the last. Then she kissed the hands of José Valencia Gallardo, the friend who had invited Salvador to join the League.

Impossible to keep purity these days? Impossible to love Christ with a love that is stronger than self-love? From his tomb will rise Salvador Vargas and answer that the age of great sacrifice and great heroism has not passed, that Catholic young men can be heroes and saints and moderns.

Leon.

LEON VELASCO.

This Is an Advertising Age

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Miss Kennedy in her article in the issue of AMERICA of July 14 seems all upset and . . . worried when she says: "The majority of Catholics do not read Catholic literature because they do not know it exists."

We can't place much credence in that statement. Even a side-long glance into the many Catholic magazines and newspapers that surround us, convinces us of the existence of a very sturdy Catholic literature.

But to the Catholic of the majority, Catholic literature means religion. And religion to him is something he has inherited, something passive in the background that comes out only on Sunday at the eleven o'clock Mass.

Now, however, the Catholic of the majority is pricked and disgruntled. The side-long glance he has always cast at Catholic literature has become searching. Presently he is even coming to look for it. Hasn't Miss Kennedy noticed?

He is about to come searching for it because it is the thing. It is being done. Religion is a vogue. The Catholic of the majority is like the rest of the crowd, caught up in the swim. He is disgruntled because he didn't think of it first.

He picked up a best-seller the other day, a novel everyone else had read. "Um—sounds Catholic. Why, it's about a Catholic—it's all Catholic! Good, too! And written by a Protestant!" He rubbed his eyes and saw all around him the folks who weren't Catholics reading philosophy and lives of Christ, and going about feeling intellectual.

"Say!" says the Sunday Catholic. "Religion is nothing new—we've always had a lot of it." Here are his neighbors reading things that have been under his elbow all the time and making a fuss and stepping high and talking about the new Renaissance. They have come into his backyard to play. He always knew it was a good backyard but he hadn't noticed it much. "If you must read religion read something that is real—read some of our books—read—" That side-long glance has become searching. For the first time in his life the Catholic of the majority, the Catholic who runs with the crowd, has come to the publisher. "What have you?" . . .

The problem before the Catholic publisher today is to create

a supply of food for this new public, and to show that he is modern and alert and can satisfy any demand. He will pronounce himself, of course, through advertising. For the people today reads ads; an ad is their directory. . . . It shows them what they just must have. They obey it.

And the great lure of all is timeliness. When John Ayscough died recently . . . I hunted up his books in the public library. To my surprise I discovered that they were published by a New York Catholic publisher. Are they making capital of the moment? Aren't there many of us who would like to make the acquaintance of Ayscough, or perhaps renew acquaintance? Are they brushing off the dust and pushing their copies to the front? Are they hunting up something new to publish that will hold the adult mind with a real cross-section of life as he lives it from Monday to Sunday?

Give the publishers something to put over. They are publishing books better than ever. One Catholic publisher in New York has recently put out spiritual books of beautiful workmanship. They were made by a printing house that had many of its books cited . . . by the Institute of Graphic Arts as examples of artistic workmanship. The publishers are sparing no expense.

Perhaps the new demand will stir our writers to produce books so compelling that the publishing and distributing agencies must work overtime to handle their circulation. Look up, Miss Kennedy, things are not so bad!

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

MARGARET ARCHER.

The Federated Colored Catholics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Untiring efforts have been put forth repeatedly to make clear the aims and purposes of the Federated Colored Catholics. At each convention, every opportunity is taken to explain its program, which seeks to get colored laymen more deeply interested in the affairs of the Church as well as to bring about more effective Catholic interracial relations than are evident at present.

The members who are leading and supporting the organization have no personal interests whatever to serve, and their deliberations have been carried out with deepest appreciation of the good clergy, Sisters, and other friends who have labored and are laboring among colored people. This deep appreciation, however, has not prevented the leaders of the organization from studying carefully the facts and failures in Catholic Negro work in America and from making suggestions for its improvement.

It goes without saying that our findings and suggestions will not meet the approval always of everyone whose work among us is brought into review. Certain misunderstandings in particular seem to have been spread concerning our organization. I note a few instances.

The president of the F. C. C. has had his attention called from several different sources recently to the fact that there is considerable agitation among certain clergy that the F. C. C. is interested in a colored clergy for white congregations. It is needless to say that we believe thoroughly that the evangelization of the colored people will be greatly hastened through increase of colored clergy, and are working with that fact in mind. Whatever the theoretical considerations may be, the question of Negro clergy and white congregations is a futile one, and its present agitation can be classed only as a hindering propaganda.

There is very great need of cooperative activity between the more intelligent colored people and the pastor in most parishes. At present, some of the most serviceable persons are regarded with suspicion and are regularly "preached at" from the pulpit with telling effect to the unintelligent masses.

At the same time we feel that the problem of the Negro demands less of what we may call sentimental treatment. I had occasion to visit a novitiate for the training of white boys for the priesthood not long ago. The Reverend Brothers there showed every evidence of poverty, hardship, and privation; yet they were happy, contented, and cheerful. We feel that the motive of sacrifice has been over-emphasized at times in connection with colored work, to the detriment of more objective motives and methods.

Hampton Institute, Va.

THOMAS W. TURNER.